

The INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

VOL. XXXIX. No. 155

Copyright, 1909, by John Lane Company

JANUARY 1910

LEON DABO—LANDSCAPE PAINTER BY J. NILSEN LAURVIK

CONTEMPORARY American art is getting known and respected abroad as a vital force very largely by reason of the excellent work done by our once-despised landscape painters. While the finest achievements of our figure and portrait painters still continue to be more or less cosmopolitan in character, more or less influenced by foreign models, the best work produced by American landscape painters is marked by a virility and a point of view essentially national. The growing consciousness that we possess a landscape not unfit to paint is made apparent in the increasing number of men who find their inspiration as well as their subject matter in their back yards, so to speak, and the No-Man's Land lying so long undiscovered under our very eyes is gradually being explored by such men as Messrs. Lawson, Redfield, Bellows and Glackens, who are recording the realistic aspect of familiar scenes with such splendid, convincing directness that we exclaim in surprise at the apparent obviousness of what we had never before noticed pictorially.

Unlike these robust, sturdy realists who write the resonant prose of nature with a precise and graphic power are those dreamers of fine dreams who abstract from the concrete facts of every-day life somewhat of its poetry, something of its ineffable beauty and elusive mystery. Among these, one of the most personal and interesting is Leon Dabo, whose subtle, delicately colorful evocations carry forward the ideas and theories of Whistler.

To give the character of nature, not the feature, by means of the familiar symbols of trees and rock, of land and sea, of azure vaulting skies and star-bejeweled firmament; to render up the intimate and evasive spirit of things, and to make visible these secret laws by means of line and color—that would seem to be the highest function of the landscape painter.

Here and there a few men, such as Tryon, Eduard

Steichen and Bolton Coit Brown, are reflecting in their work somewhat of this mysterious and elusive spirit of nature. Of this small and select circle of painters Leon Dabo is one of the most sensitive and highly assimilative artists that have appeared in this country since the much-disputed author of the *Nocturne-Bognor*, the *Carlyle* and the *Symphony in Gray*.

Born in Detroit, Mich., some forty odd years ago, of French parents, Leon Dabo inherited from his father a strong predilection for art, and under his tutelage was made acquainted with the best work of the great modern and Oriental masters. At the age of sixteen he came to New York with the traditional few dollars in his pocket and entered the evening classes of an art academy, where he was assigned to the antique class, in which he followed the course of study usually prescribed for beginners. He did not continue long here, however. The dull, deadening routine of academic life was unsuited to his ardent temperament and he left the quiet, sedate schoolrooms of New York for the no less academic but more stirring and invigorating life of Paris. Here, instead of entering the *Beaux Arts*, he enrolled himself as a student in the *Ecole des Arts Decoratifs*, where he studied architecture and decoration.

Those were days of unusual activity in the arts, and Paris was the center of a vortex of conflicting ideas—Monet and Manet, Zola and Wagner, Whistler and Rodin were agitating the minds of the young and fecund students. In the midst of this life Leon Dabo lived for some years, diligently pursuing his studies and gradually coming to a clearer realization of himself, his temperament and the bent of his mind drawing him ever nearer in sympathy and understanding to the art of Monet and Whistler. In their work he found that intellectual and emotional stimulus which his temperament required, and from thence on he directed all his talent to the effort to fuse these two forces, with the result that eventually he produced something that is



Courtesy of Marchant & Co., London
HUDSON RIVER

BY LEON DABO

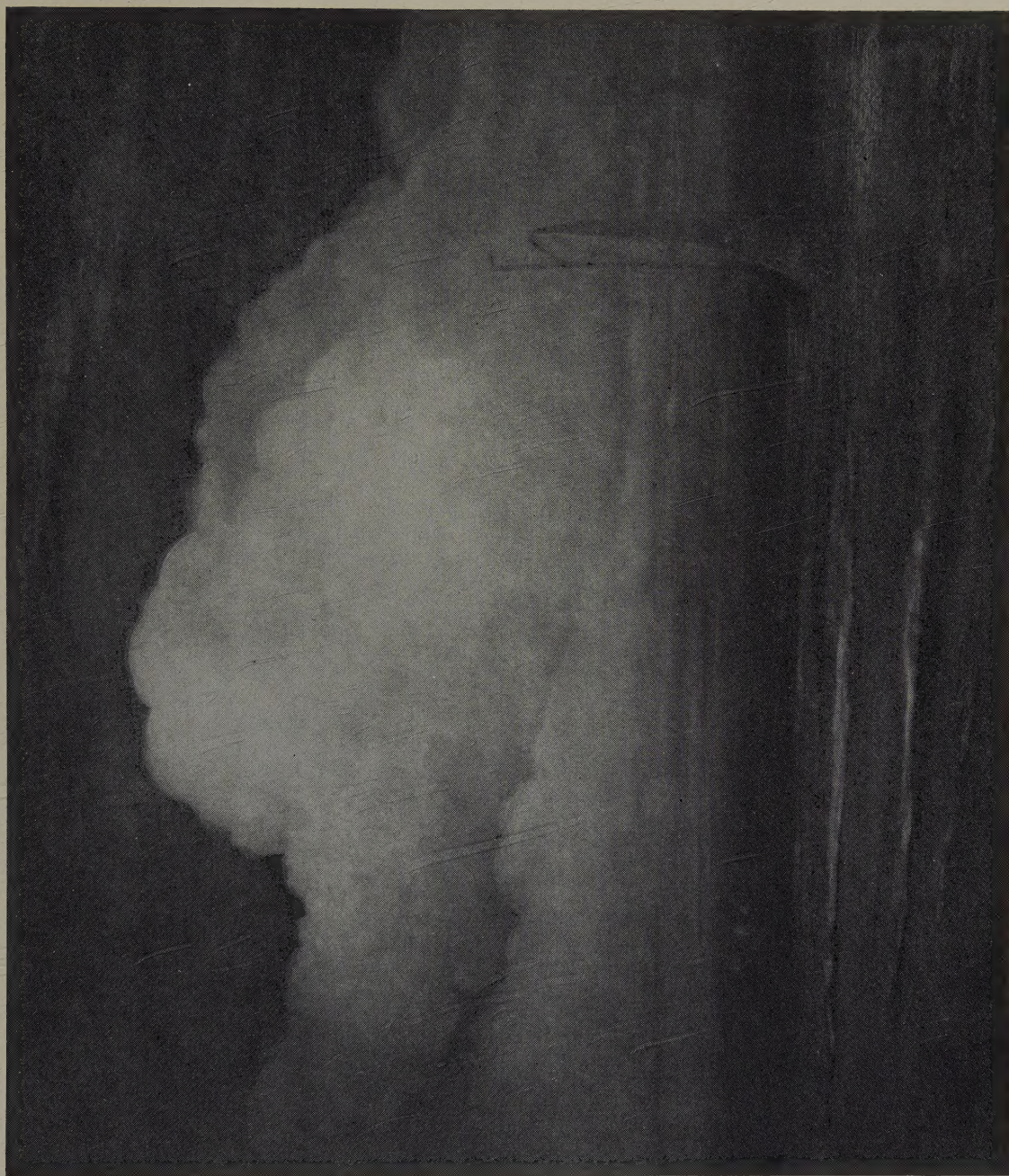
specifically related to the art of both of these great innovators, but still remains, in its essence, peculiarly personal and Daboesque. It affords an important and significant clue to his art.

When he had completed his course at the *Ecole des Arts Decoratifs* Leon Dabo left Paris and wandered on foot through Germany and Switzerland, eventually reaching Italy, where he sojourned for a number of years. Here he became attached to the household of one of the high dignitaries of the church, and for a time it looked as though Mr. Dabo might become a prelate instead of a painter. And, indeed, it is not to be denied that even to-day this influence is strongly discernible in a certain Jesuitical *finesse*, tincturing both his art and actions, which baffles his friends and confounds his enemies.

To this stay in Italy may also be ascribed the

classical *leit-motif* often found in his work, which lends to certain of his interpretations of Hudson and East River scenes the color and atmosphere of the blue, far-reaching, jewel-like Mediterranean. Like a rose jar, redolent of a dim past, many of Leon Dabo's canvases evoke the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome rather than stirring one with the pungent flavor and tang of our own day. It is as though the misty veil of time had been drawn over our contemporary life, giving a gentle and all-pervasive accent to the familiar.

Upon his return to America Mr. Dabo secured employment with a prominent firm of ecclesiastical decorators. Here his archeological and canonical knowledge, coupled with his technical ability, soon won for him an assured position, in which he distinguished himself for many years, carrying out



Courtesy of Fritz Gurlitt Galleries, Berlin

THE CLOUD
BY LEON DABO

Leon Dabo

various important schemes of decoration with marked success. Among these the most notable are, perhaps, certain friezes in the Roswell P. Flower Memorial Library at Watertown, N. Y., in which he collaborated with his brother, Theodore Scott Dabo, a colorist of unique power, and Charles R. Lamb, who, together with his brother, Frederick Stymetz Lamb, planned and carried out the entire scheme of the interior decorations of this beautiful building.

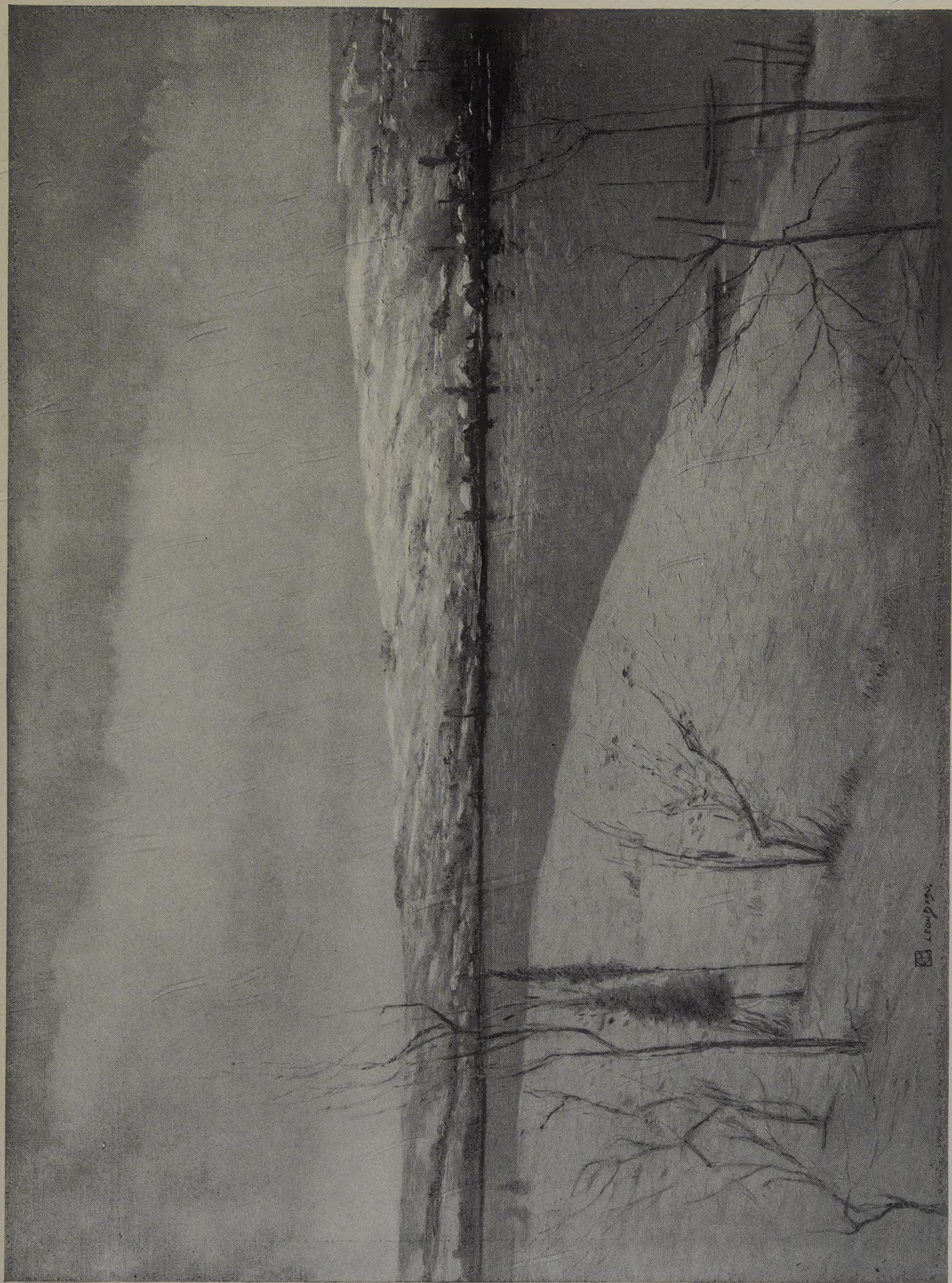
In the meantime, Leon Dabo was devoting all his spare moments—mornings and evenings, Sundays and holidays—to his study of landscape painting, which was the absorbing interest of his life. During this period he painted numerous studies of the ever-changing aspects of the Hackensack River and its environs as seen in the soft, diffused light of early morning, or in the dim twilight of approaching evening, as he passed to and from his work in New York. Thus it happened that the force of circumstances conspired to develop a natural predilection for morning and evening effects, the poetic interpretation of which has become the particular province of his art. These paintings attracted little or no attention except among a small circle of sympathetic friends, and one after the other was consistently refused by the juries of selection of our various art institutions.

Although Mr. Dabo had waited to make his début until what appeared to him a propitious moment, when American art—and landscape painting particularly—was beginning to meet with favor at home, he has so far failed to get an official hearing in his own country, and, like many another American, he is finding his first real encouragement abroad. As I foretold two years ago in my eulogistic appreciation of his art in the *New York Evening Post*, he has secured a recognition abroad such as it is in the power of only a very few in this country to accord an artist. His one-man show in Berlin in the summer of 1908 was much discussed and obtained for him the favorable consideration of some of the best German critics and connoisseurs, among whom Prof. Dr. Paul Clemen,* of Bonn, is an enthusiastic admirer and collector of Mr. Dabo's paintings, of which there are several fine examples in his collection. The same occurred in London in the "Allied Artists' Exhibition," where his work met with marked attention from press and public alike. And yet on this side of the ocean his work is still so much caviar to the general public that it cannot even find its way into current exhibitions and is regarded by many as a fraud and a humbug. If all his detractors say is true, and

one may accept Barnum's dictum that the American public loves to be humbugged—and Barnum knew this public about as well as it can be known—then Mr. Dabo should be one of the most popular instead of among the least-appreciated painters in this country to-day. But, if I may venture a guess, I think it is the general love of the obvious and of the outward pomp and show of thumb-marked reality that makes people dislike Mr. Dabo as they once hated and misunderstood his great exemplar, Whistler (whom they now accept as a matter of course without understanding him), neither of whom are concerned with embalming for our eternal weariness the trite and the obvious.

Despite this general neglect of dealers and art societies Mr. Dabo has, nevertheless, become one of the most discussed painters in America to-day. For he has the same happy faculty, as had Whistler, of provoking discussion about himself, combining a combative and assertive character with a temperament essentially feminine in its delicate sensitiveness. And here and there a few people, at last mindful of the trend of things, are awakening to the real merit of this man's work, and these long-neglected canvases are finally beginning to find their way into the collections of such men as Mr. Hugo Reisinger, Mr. Thomas A. Buckner and Mr. Samuel F. Buckner, while several art institutions, such as the Museum of Art in Detroit, the Herron Institute in Indianapolis and the Muncie Art Association in Muncie, Ind., have acquired important examples of his work. And, as this article goes to press, I receive an announcement that he has achieved the supreme stamp of approbation by having one of his canvases purchased by that discreet collector of American art, Mr. William T. Evans, for his national presentation collection at Washington, D. C. Thus has the erstwhile tardy foot of time outrun itself and realized my most sanguine expectations. Nothing further is now wanting than that Mr. Dabo be elected an N. A. at the earliest possible moment.

One of the most interesting and significant phases of modern painting is the tendency toward *abstract color*. Up to the present time this has found its most striking expression in the subtle, stenographic nuances of Cezanne, in the gorgeous and barbaric splendor of the Oriental patterns to which Matisse reduces his impressions of life, and in those mysterious, phantomlike adumbrations of that sad, neglected visionary of the palette, Theodore Scott Dabo, the highly gifted brother of the subject of this study. These three men have, each in his way, done more to give a new meaning to the word



THE HUDSON IN WINTER
BY LEON BABO

Courtesy of Hugo Reisinger, Esq.

Leon Dabo

painting than any one since Whistler; they have endowed color with new attributes, hitherto accorded to poetry and music alone. In them color stirs sentiments and emotions in much the same manner as do music or poetry or rare perfumes, and their whole art is an endeavor to evoke these sentiments and emotions in others. Needless to say, this is an art that is for the few only, while the multitude revel in their orgies of unrelated primary colors served up with an anecdote on the side. In this country we have so far progressed little beyond the much-applauded patriotic demonstration in red, white and blue, and the Star-Spangled Banner Period of American art is still upon us.

It is, therefore, not surprising to find the work of Leon Dabo, which reflects something of this new tendency toward abstract color, meeting with such scant approval among his own compatriots, who will no doubt acclaim him in due time, when he has been sufficiently fêted, and honored, and medaled abroad. A few more Queen's garden parties and he will be a famous man in America. In the meantime he is what he is: a landscape painter to whom landscape painting is only a pretext for beautiful color arrangements that have little or nothing to do with this or that locality. To be sure, most of his canvases have some such definite title as *The Hudson Dawn* or *The Weehawken Basin*, which is Mr. Dabo's little concession to the matter-of-fact mindedness of a certain part of the public. These expansive vistas of shimmering, opalescent water, dotted here and there with sultry moving sails, are rather the *Terra Incognita* of the spirit than any particular place on the map of your memory. However, like the work of all true artists, the subject matter of Leon Dabo's paintings, in so far as he permits himself any subject at all in his work, is intimately related to the simple events of his own life—his days in the country, his morning and evening trips on the Hudson River and his walks along its shores. Occasionally there is a somewhat more specific suggestion of these scenes in a canvas wherein he has been strongly moved by some particular aspect of the lower part of the East River, with its warehouses and barges, as seen at dusk, with its many twinkling, glimmering lights, or in the rosy effulgence of early morning, when the sun comes up behind the Brooklyn Bridge like a mighty red shield, and the little ferries bustle back and forth, fretting the water in their wake, and the golden dome above Park Row glows amber against the eastern sky. Or perchance it is the Weehawken Basin, full of ships with their tangle of spars and rigging, or Twenty-third Street, with its multitude

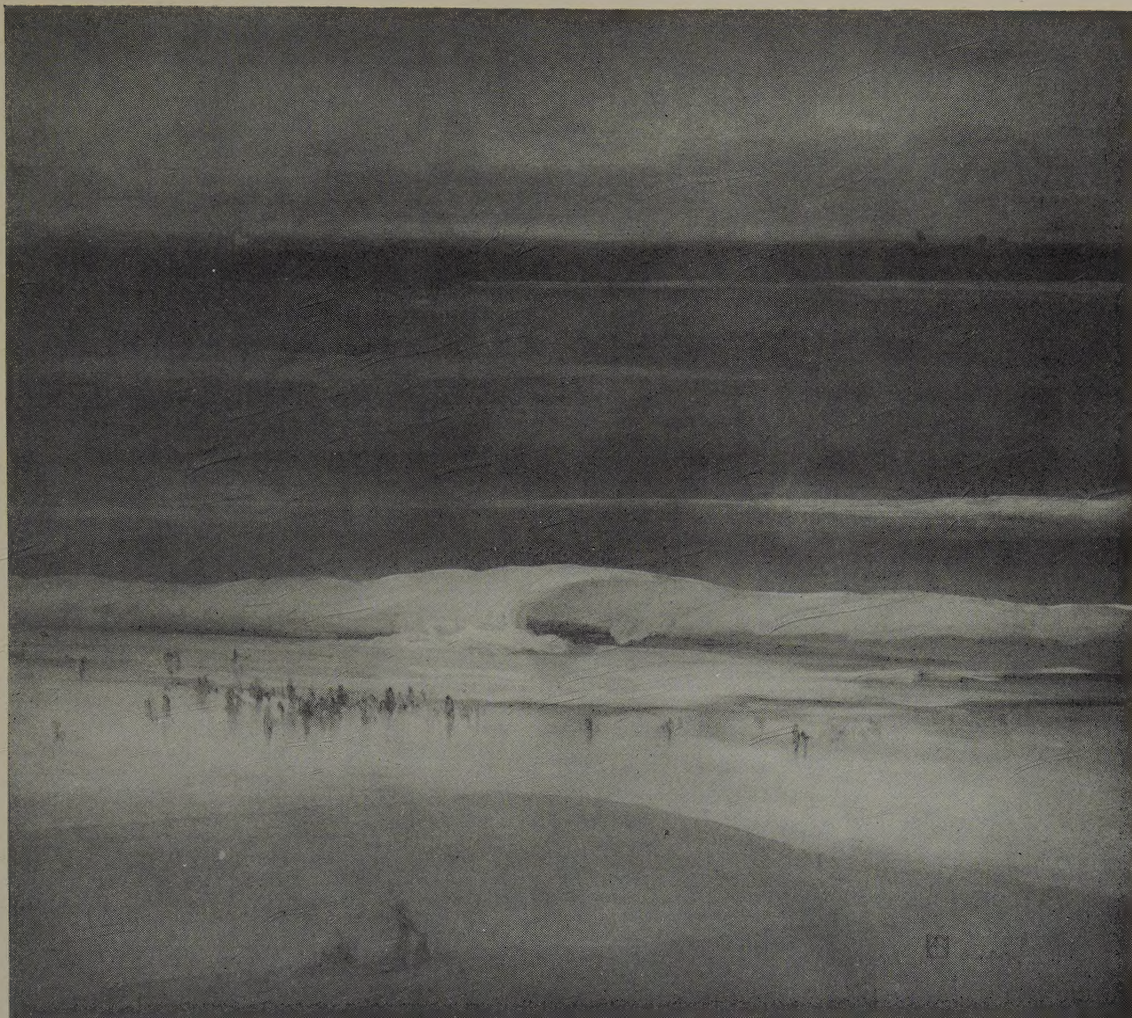
of burning lights, as seen from Hoboken—of these and other places familiar to the New Yorker and the Jersey commuter one may find fugitive souvenirs in the paintings of Mr. Dabo.

Within these apparently circumscribed limits he finds a rich field for the adequate expression of his peculiar talent. He loves the water as seen at dawn, shrouded with a floating, moving veil of mist, or as seen toward evening when the faint, disappearing shafts of light find their fellows in the broad expanse of calm river or mirrorlike bay.

He, too, has made excursions into that mysterious realm of nocturnal shadows, first explored and made known to the world by Whistler, and in his paintings of night Leon Dabo has contributed to the world's art a few memorable canvases. And now and then, at rare intervals, there have appeared from his facile and indefatigable brush occasional mementos of the land, such as a few snow scenes that linger in the memory by reason of their crystalline, jewel-like beauty, presenting the glittering splendor of winter as but few have done.

His work represents a singleness of idea and manner to a degree unusual in modern art—the representation of the ever-shifting and infinite nuances of light and color as shown at all hours of the day on the river front, and a multitude of variations on this same theme—that is: *light*, especially light playing upon the surface of bay or river. This may be called the Dabo manner. Of necessity a certain monotony ensues by reason of this constant repetition of the same theme and occasionally, in his nodding moments, he lapses into a mannerism that verges dangerously close on a formula. But few painters working to-day with a purpose as clearly preconceived as is his could show a greater number of canvases in which this intention has been carried out more consistently and with greater variety and interest, and his finest achievements are so far superior to anything of a similar character being done in this country that they give him a unique position among contemporary American landscape painters.

Though an avowed disciple of Whistler, he is by no means a slavish imitator of this master. Whistler sacrificed form for tone and Mr. Dabo sacrifices form for light and atmosphere, while seldom, if ever, forgetting tone, wherein lies both his difference and his similarity to the master. His art has been a gradual evolution from the tight and commonplace academic work of his early years to his impressionistic studies of light and atmosphere, ending with his researches into the significance and relation of



Courtesy of Detroit Museum of Art

THE SEA

BY LEON DABO

color as revealed in the work of Whistler, and his study of line and arrangement as exemplified in the work of those two great Japanese masters, Hokusai and Hiroshige. Out of these varied influences he has taken what suited him and evolved therefrom an art that strongly reflects his own varied temperament.

The ambition, nay, one may say, the ruling passion, of the best painters of to-day is the rendering of the phenomena of light and atmosphere, and any estimate of the art of Leon Dabo would be incomplete without some further reference to this side of his work. The impressionists, through their interpreters, heralded far and wide their discovery of the means of rendering light with divided tones—pure color juxtaposed. They succeeded beyond anything hitherto accomplished

in painting, but the method employed produced an unlovely surface quality made up of a series of dots and spots which made the means flauntingly apparent. That was and has continued to be its most serious drawback, and it is in this respect that Mr. Dabo has triumphed over many of his contemporaries. His finest work is characterized by an effulgence of light that floods the canvas and is no less actual than that produced by Monet, but without the means being so obviously apparent—one is seldom reminded of paint in the best of Mr. Dabo's canvases. Where the impressionists affect subjects in full sunlight in order to convey an illusion of luminosity Leon Dabo chooses by preference the gray, low-toned manifestations of nature and invests his paintings with an all-pervading series of vibrations of light, always adhering to



Collection of Prof. Paul Clemen
FETE DE NUIT

BY LEON DABO

Whistler's dictum that "work only hides work"—*i.e.*, the means.

In all this, Mr. Dabo has very definite and clearly formulated ideas, which he unweariedly enunciates in no uncertain manner. He firmly maintains that nothing must be left to a happy caprice of the moment, to the fantastic inspiration of haphazard accident. His is an arbitrary art wherein everything has been arranged and combined, every spot of color, every line and figure have been carefully considered in relation to the whole, and he, like Bolton Coit Brown, claims for it the precise forethought of the mathematician. Thus he is often heard to say that this or that tree or rock is of no interest to him in itself and is introduced only to serve as a spot of color or as a pretext for a deliberate discord, in which he is confirmed

by the practice of Whistler, to whom the correct placing of the butterfly signature was as important a factor in the final result as any other part of the canvas. This is the sum and substance of Mr. Dabo's technique, which differentiates him from that vast herd of willy-nilly painters who still believe that there is some special virtue in mere pigment, and who, by the grace of palette and brush, are called artists, while they continue to remain ignorant of the real, expressive technique of painting, which creates the illusion of life and movement on a canvas by means of light and line and color. And the voice of the Master reechoes down the corridors of Time.—J.N.L.

AN EXHIBITION of the works of Wm. M. Chase will be seen in January at the National Arts Club.

James Aumonier, R.I.

THE LANDSCAPE PAINTINGS
OF JAMES AUMONIER, R.I.
BY WALTER BAYES.

A FRIENDSHIP between two families persisting now into the second generation makes it so difficult to assume the position of complete impartiality proper to a critic that I propose in writing of Mr. Aumonier to discuss not so much the stature as the build of the man, and to give within a necessarily narrow compass some idea of the qualities I find in his work. And this not of course for the benefit of painters, for each of the several factions which respectively claim at the present day a monopoly of artistic merit will be found to have a certain respect for his work, but as a hint for the conscientious layman for whom painting, and landscape painting in particular, is often a sore puzzle.

Mr. Aumonier's development would seem to have run on somewhat traditional lines. That is to say, he passed through a period of careful study, from which he emerged gradually into a freer manner. His first attempts at painting were self-taught. I have seen actually the first picture he ever did—an oil-painting of primitive character,

done from an engraving with paints supplied by the village carriage painter, and it has considerable decorative quality, and is in admirable condition in spite of the fact that more than one of the pigments used are such as chemists frown upon. His earlier manhood was spent in doing designs for calico-printing, his spare time only being available for painting, and this continued to be the case until the American War, by its bad effect on the cotton industry, made it possible for the wily designer to offer (apparently as a kindness to his employer) to put himself on "half-time." The offer was gratefully accepted, and the designer never went back, for, in the first place, he had acquired great facility in producing the realistic floral designs (then the sole fashion in cotton printing), and could turn out as many as were wanted in a short space of time; and, in the second place, he had even while at work as a designer begun to establish for himself a position as a painter. Without friends among London artists, he went, as everyone did in those days, to "Heatherley's" to study, and it was a landscape shown there which brought him an invitation from Mr. Wyllie (the father of Mr. W. L. Wyllie and Mr. Charles Wyllie) to bring round to



"AT GILSLAND, NORTHUMBERLAND"

BY JAMES AUMONIER

James Aumonier, R.I.

his studio from time to time any work he was doing and get advice on it. The invitation was promptly accepted, and at the outset of his career substantial assistance was thus given to the artist by men who, though his juniors, were older painters. Mr. W. L. Wyllie was astonishingly precocious, painting brilliantly even as a boy, while Mr. Aumonier frankly admits that *Waterlilies*, the first picture he had at the Royal Academy, owed its being not a little to the friendly assistance of Mr. Lionel Smythe, who—a half-brother of the Wyllies—was working in the same studio.

Though later in date, the picture of a similar subject now reproduced in colour shows the style built up on these early influences. In the very extensive foreground the eye is adroitly led through an elaboration of charming detail, the thread of interest, if somewhat tenuous, being well held throughout. It is agreeable and ingenious, but not at bottom powerful in structure. At any rate, the structure is used only as a binding element for detail which the artist is bent on introducing, whereas in his later work we shall find it to be the rule that only such detail is admitted as naturally arises out of the pictorial structure.

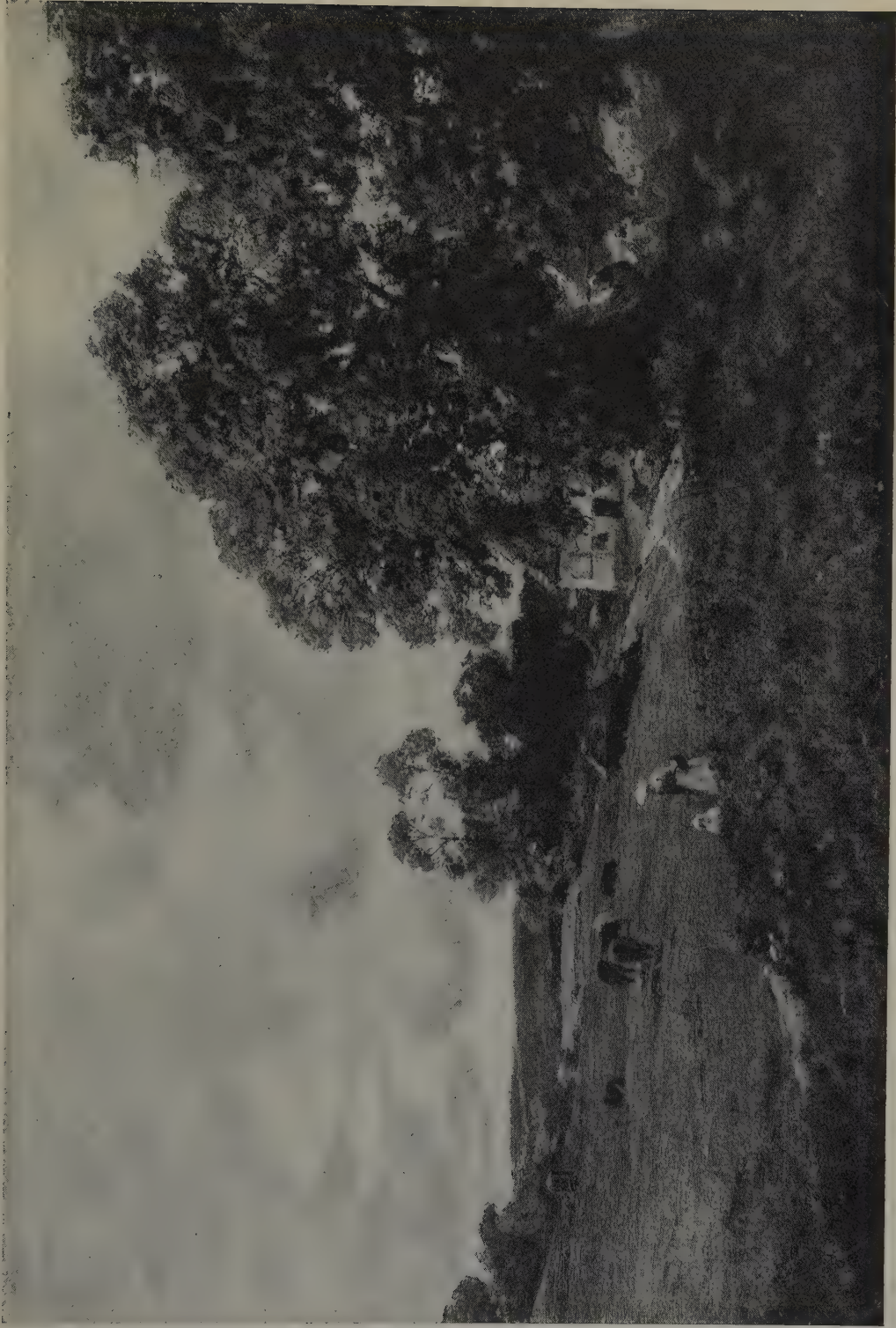
This distinction is of great importance. The number of tones a picture may have is limited by the range of the palette and the subtlety of distinction permitted by the artist's method of handling paint. Multiplicity of form is unlimited—may be carried to any pitch by enlarging the scale of the canvas and reducing that of the brush. A painter whose interest is primarily in the structure of a complicated passage of natural form will tend thus to elaborate forms, and many Academy landscapes are yearly produced by this method. While, however, such efforts may occasionally have the charm which belongs to sincerity, even in a juvenile outlook, yet anyone with a keen sense of the dignity of a picture will feel that it is the number of its tones which must be the measure of its proper degree of elaboration. To distribute these broadly over the canvas, strongly articulated one with the other, is to paint soundly. To subdivide them into minute forms for purposes of naturalistic rendering is almost inevitably to overdevelop the design at its extremities at the expense of mass and unity.

An ever-increasing dislike of such invertebrate pictorial structure is at the bottom of much which,



"AT WRANGLE, LINCOLNSHIRE"

BY JAMES AUMONIER



"AN UPLAND MEADOW"
BY JAMES AUMONIER

James Aumonier, R.I.

in Mr. Aumonier's later work, might seem to the casual observer approximate draughtsmanship, and it is important to keep strongly before the lay public the fact that, however debarred from photographic literalness such work may be, it has its own very exacting standards of precision. To make of drawing a comparison of the character of such forms as naturally compare by similarity of apparent scale, so that a bough in the foreground compares with a tree in the middle distance, and that again with a whole hillside on the skyline, implies a science not really less exact, though certainly less rigid, than the copyist's monotonous analysis of the form of every object in the picture. At the same time, while few English landscape painters to-day have a surer sense of the enclosing rhythms visible through the tangle of nature's form, few are less doctrinaire—less self-conscious in their pursuit of such abstractions—than Mr. Aumonier. Accustomed to work for a public whose standards, consciously at least, were those of realism, and not having had in youth much of that specialised art education which tempts a painter to take up a position on the dangerous pinnacle of disdain for the ignorant crowd, he has remained careful that

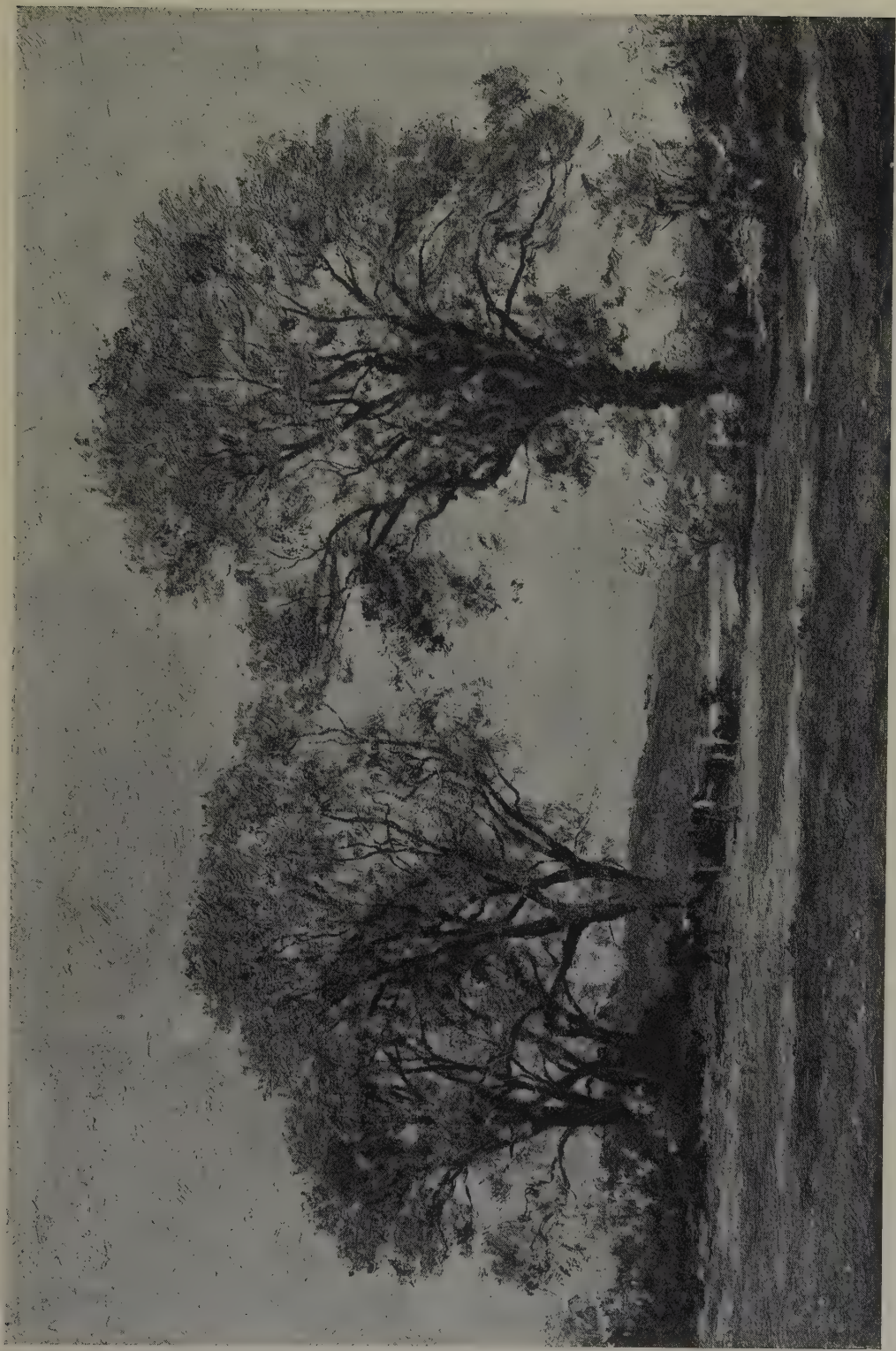
his picture should conform to what for the plain man is probable and natural.

This differentiates his work from that of so typically more recent a painter as, say, Mr. Wilson Steer, who came to his heritage from Constable by way of the French Impressionists. While these latter were at work acting and re-acting on one another in a way which gave a certain solidarity to their effort, there were painters of the open-air in England also, but their development was characteristically British by the hole-and-corner fashion in which it proceeded. Painters like Mark Fisher, Buxton Knight, Holloway, and the subject of this essay, may be said to belong to the same school, but hardly as Monet and Sisley belonged to the same school. Each seems to have worried out his principles and practice independently, and because of this some of them preserved in their work odd peculiarities, the accidents as well as the essence of their life of original experiment. I must say that I have strong relish for this personal quality, which recalls to me the tough fibre of a tree which has grown slowly under difficulties. Their younger followers, advantaging by their example, may grow straighter, develop their art more logically, but they hardly promise to develop along with it the



"AMBERSHAM COMMON, SUSSEX"

BY JAMES AUMONIER



“ELMS IN SPRING TIME, EAST ASHLING,
SUSSEX.” BY JAMES AUMONIER

James Aumonier, R.I.



"NEAR MALDON, ESSEX"

BY JAMES AUMONIER

same grit and personal character. At any rate, this group of painters, so widely different in temperament, are sure of a niche in the history of Art. Clearly they are of the seed of Constable, but it would puzzle anyone to establish the connecting link. I have fancied sometimes that there was a foreshadowing of something of Mr. Aumonier's quality in the work of a weaker but occasionally charming painter, Alfred Vickers, but I believe there was no personal connection between the two artists. An influence which Mr. Aumonier quite acknowledges was that of his friend James Charles, on whom he also, in turn, no doubt, exercised an influence; but here again, as in the case of Mr. Smythe, the fundamental attitude of the painters was different. It was but the fortuitous meeting of two men of character.

Such encounters probably retarded rather than hastened the development of the artist's bent, but by retarding maturity enriched the final result. Certainly they cannot be chronicled as stages in the transformation of the careful painter of detail into the painter of to-day, whose very considerable powers of landscape characterisation are always subordinated to the continuity of the development of his picture. The stages of that process are chronicled only in his pictures, of which certain

may be cited as landmarks in his career, either by their having passed to public collections, or, if the egotism may be permitted, because they have particularly impressed the present writer. Among the latter is *The Village Congregation* of 1886, which remains a strong impression for me, though seen in early youth. Even at that age the extraordinary directness with which the figures were made to play their rôle in the landscape impressed, in spite of all the prejudices of ignorance, in favour of literal detail. *Under the Beech Trees*, shown in the Landscape Exhibition at the Old Water-Colour Society's Galleries in 1908, was a most happy example of a rather early tight picture re-touched in maturer years in such a way as to secure a unique combination of qualities, while among the typical pictures of his later manner I have found particular delight in *Evening on the Downs*, shown at the Goupil Gallery Salon, 1907, the quality of which is recalled by two of those now reproduced, viz., *Elms in Spring-Time*, and *At Wrangle, Lincolnshire*, and again in the powerful *Lonely Heath* of about half-a-dozen years back, to which the *Borderland* has some resemblance. A message of high appreciation of the *Lonely Heath* sent by Fantin Latour on its exhibition in the Salon was probably more flattering to the artist



"EAST ASHLING, SUSSEX"
BY JAMES AUMONIER

James Aumonier, R.I.

than any of the numerous instances of purchase of his work by public galleries. Among these occasions, however, may be recalled the two Chantrey purchases (*The Sheepwashing*, in 1889, and the *Black Mountains*, in 1905), the acquisition of the *Silver Lining to the Cloud*, by the city of Manchester, in 1890, and of *Lancing Mill* (from the Academy of 1893), for Tasmania, and the *Herefordshire Common*, for Melbourne in 1903. These are all excellent pictures, but none, in my opinion, finer than the three previously cited, which are all still in the artist's possession and which show in a very wholesome degree great love for the facts of landscape subordinated to as strong a devotion to what I have before referred to as the "continuity" of his pictorial scheme. It is just because of his devotion to that continuity that we sometimes find, in some of his larger Academy pictures in particular, a slight want of the continuity of surface which makes the *Sheep on the Downs* so delightful in its subtly interwoven strands of significant colour, so that sky and trees and grass break up into rather similar

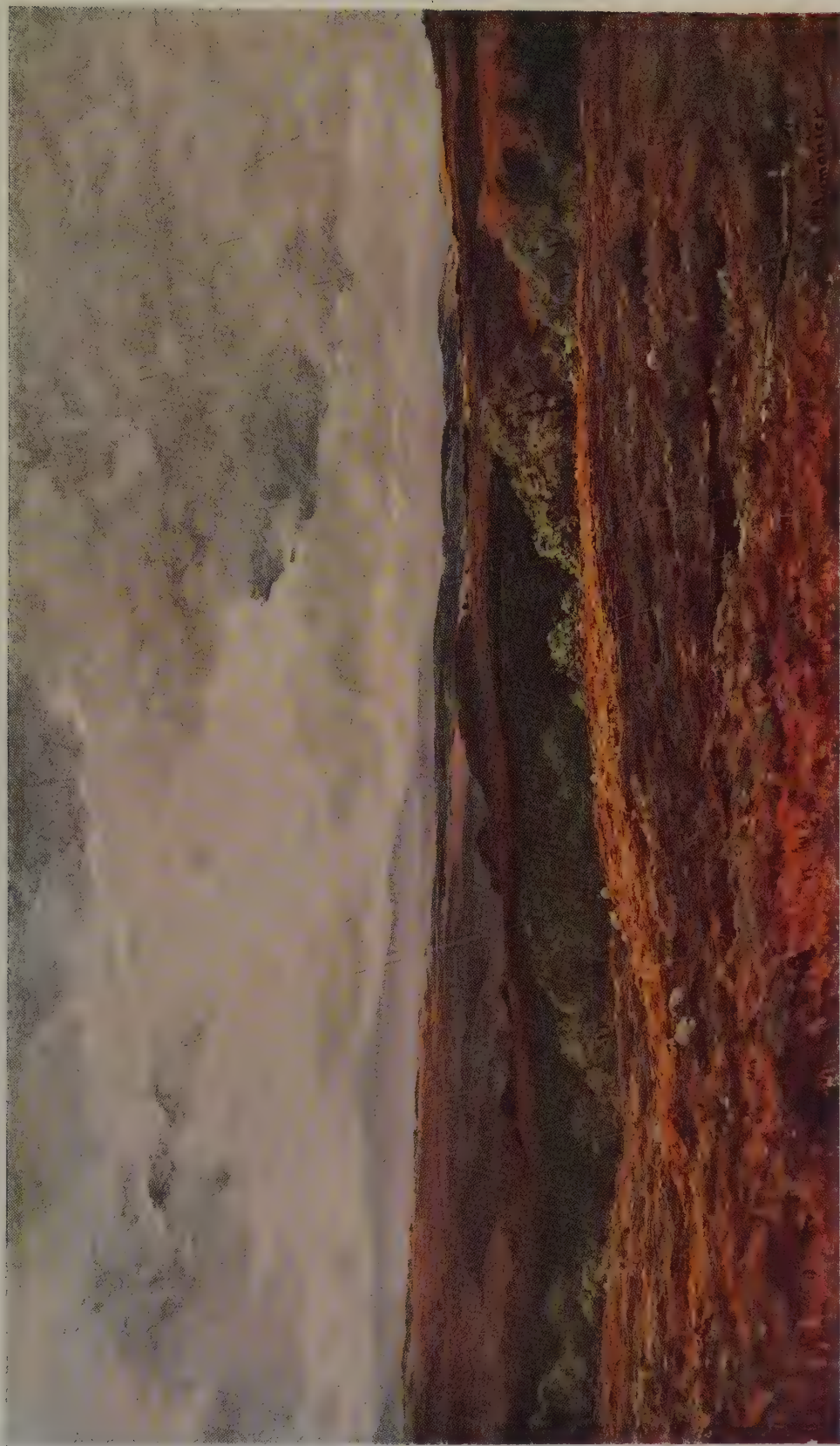
dabs of paint, each nevertheless playing a lively part in the *ensemble* of a painting which is certainly not weak, but which might look a trifle disintegrated beside a fine Claude or a fine Wilson. One fancies the painter finding his vault of space (as it expands outwards from the mysterious centre of his picture) dividing towards the frame into more touches than he can get into nice relationship of form—more than he can characterise to-day, at all events, and to-morrow is sending-in day for the R.A., and as he himself would say, "It really doesn't matter at the Academy; they only have time to look at the general effect of a picture."

How often when, with the self-confidence of callow youth, I have made minor criticisms on Mr. Aumonier's pictures, have I been met with this philosophic response. I never thought it adequate, because there are many other things which pass unnoticed at the Academy about which the painter was sternly and conscientiously resolved to be right. Rather the retort underlined a fundamental fact of the artist's career, which may well have had upon him a certain influence.



"A STUDY ON BOSHAM WATER"

BY JAMES AUMONIER



"THE BORDERLAND," FROM THE OIL-
PAINTING BY JAMES AUMONIER, R.I.

American Figure Painters



"WILD FLOWERS"

BY JAMES AUMONIER

He is a product—as satisfactory a one as I know, and a far better one than we deserve—of the annual Royal Academy Exhibition. He has enjoyed a fair degree of patronage, but has never had a public of whom he was so secure as to make him independent of the R.A. as a place of sale in which he must compete afresh each year with all and sundry. It has kept him robust, but this habit of seeing his picture in imagination as surrounded by unquiet and turbulent form and colour, rather than in the tranquil spaces of the room it might decorate, cannot but have had a certain effect on Mr. Aumonier's ideals. It says much for his innate fineness of taste that the prospect never led him to meet tawdry theatricality with its own weapons. He had plenty of dramatic power for such a task, but seems to have had always a natural horror of pretentiousness. I have thought, however, that it leads him occasionally to over-centralise his compositions, to break his line for purposes of liveliness; but then, to my mind, almost all European painting is over vignetted—almost all *modern* painting sacrifices too much to vibration. It would tempt me too far to speculate on what Mr. Aumonier might have been had he been able to develop in more gracious conditions which had led to a habit of calmer

planning and the use of more continuous line. It may be, after all, that his artistic personality—which would always make of him a genial, robust painter rather than a *raffiné*, a plain, unpretentious artist rather than a *figurant*—is just the one least likely to be injured by the ordeal of painting for Royal Academy Exhibitions, and most likely to be undervalued by those who organise them.

SOME AMERICAN FIGURE-PAINTERS. BY L. MECHLIN.

It has been said, paradoxically, but with much truth, that the art of a country only becomes an international power when it ceases to be international. Great art is, of course, universal in its significance; but the greatest art is, without doubt, that which reflects, or embodies, the characteristic tendencies of the time and nation which gives, or has given, it birth. The same fundamental principles underlie all art; but the mastery of these is the beginning, rather than the end, of accomplishment. It is natural, therefore, that the watchers on the heights should be on the outlook for signs of developing individuality, and that the wayfarer from afar should be eagerly

American Figure Painters

questioned as to whether or not the art of his land is in this particular giving promise.

The United States is essentially a composite nation, but its people share in common certain fixed characteristics. Regardless of ancestry, and despite the levelling influence of travel, an American is rarely mistaken for the citizen of another country when met in a foreign land. And as with her people, so, in a measure, with her art, though in a less degree. America has borrowed prodigiously from England, Germany, France and Holland, but the wisdom thus acquired she has assimilated and is now bringing to fruition. The first American figure-painters got their training in London and followed English tradition. Later the Düsseldorf school attracted the American students, and even before its light had waned France came to the fore and exerted a powerful influence,



"LADY IN BLACK"

BY WILLIAM M. CHASE



"THE TANAGRA"

BY THOMAS P. ANSHUTZ

lessened, but by no means dissipated, eventually, by the teaching of the Dutch. Thus, briefly, may be traced the upbuilding of American art, and the lack of uniformity in the mass of American production explained.

There is a prevalent belief in Great Britain that the only American figure-painters of note are those who do not live in America; and not without reason. The names of Sargent and Shannon and Abbey, of Gari Melchers, Mary Cassatt and Elihu Vedder, loom large on both sides of the Atlantic; but the British critic visiting the great annual exhibitions of contemporary American paintings in the United States would find, as did the American critics who last summer visited the exhibitions of British art at Shepherd's Bush, London, and Edinburgh, that these artists are not the only figure-painters who are producing works of exceptional merit.

American Figure Painters

Abbott H. Thayer, whose work has already been the subject of an article in this magazine (see *THE STUDIO*, January, 1899), is without doubt one of the strongest of the living American figure-painters and one of the most individual. Neither a specially good colourist nor a finished technician, he yet gets into his pictures a kind of sculpturesque dignity which invariably lifts them above the general mass. As one of his colleagues has said, his draughtsmanship is large and ample, his colour held in big, simple masses, and his compositions are well balanced and decorative. He was a pupil of Gérôme, but has departed far from the teaching of his master, laying on his paint heavily and giving little heed to either surface finish or unimportant details. Mr. Thayer is not a prolific producer, nor is he one who passing from stage to stage has gradually evolved a style. Comparatively few works stand to his credit, but all of these betray the same marked individuality. It is, however, as an interpreter of Virginité that this painter is especially distinguished. In his *Caritas*, of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston,

The Virgin, given by Mr. Freer to the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, and the *Virgin Enthroned* (reproduced in the article just mentioned), he has set forth a distinct type of womanhood—a noble ideal embodying national characteristics. His *Virgins*, it has been well said, are obviously intended to be adored, but they are at the same time essentially human. They are feminine but not coquettish; womanly but not weak; in expression courageous, unabashed and serene—the American girl at her best, the comrade as well as the helpmate of man.

George de Forest Brush, who also studied under Gérôme, is a less forceful painter, but a more skilful technician. His method is precise without being subtle—his canvases are more reminiscent, let us say, of Van Eyck than of Whistler. Mistaking the letter for the spirit, Mr. Brush, like so many other painters, wishing to give voice to a national instinct, turned his attention, when he first came back to America, to the painting of Indian pictures, and there is now in the Evans



"THE FAMILY"

(Art Institute of Chicago)

BY GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH

American Figure Painters

National Gallery collection at Washington, a canvas he produced during that period, depicting, with studious effort and no small show of scholarship, a moose hunt on one of the Adirondack lakes. For a number of years, however, Mr. Brush has confined himself to one subject—to the painting of what might be termed modern Madonnas. His wife and children have invariably served as his models and he has transcribed them with extreme literalness. The mother and rosy-cheeked baby in the Corcoran Gallery is one of his strongest works, but *In the Garden*, owned by the Metropolitan Museum, and *The Family*, recently acquired by the Art Institute of Chicago, are more pictorial. Only lately has a note of grace crept into Mr. Brush's paintings which have most frequently presented the sad and toilsome side of woman's life, suggesting the pain and hardship of her lot rather than the holy joy of motherhood.

There is a certain kinship between the technique of George de Forest Brush and Winslow Homer, though the latter paints more broadly than the former. Here, however, all similarity ends. Mr. Homer began as a newspaper-illustrator, back at the time of the Civil War, and is almost entirely self taught. He has followed no one, he has not even consorted with those of his kind, he has mastered his art in his own way, but he has mastered it fully. Mr. Homer has painted the negroes, and the Indians, but best of all the seafaring people of the New England coast, whose life he has interpreted with remarkable sympathy and understanding. That his pictures could not have been produced anywhere save in America and by an American seems probable. They are, for the most part, epics of the sea, full of the force of

uncontrolled nature, the bigness of the outdoor world, the beauty of power.

A greater contrast could scarcely be imagined to exist than is observable between the works of Winslow Homer and those of Thomas W. Dewing. Mr. Dewing pictures, almost exclusively, young women of a somewhat fragile and highly cultured type, in rooms, which, in environment, are equally æsthetic. He cannot, however, be classed with the painters of the mode, nor with the ultra impressionists, for while his women belong unquestionably to the upper classes they take their places in his compositions quite impersonally, and though he reduces his technical equations to the lowest terms he pays much heed to minutiae.

It is true, as Mr. T. Martin Wood has remarked in his admirable article on George Elmer Browne, published in a recent issue of *THE STUDIO*, that



PORTRAIT OF WALT WHITMAN

BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER



*(By permission of
Mr. N. E. Montross)*

"GIRL CROCHETING"
BY EDMUND C. TARBELL



PORTRAIT OF A LADY
BY F. W. BENSON



*(Copyright of
Mr. N. E. Montross)*

"THE GUITAR PLAYER"
BY JOSEPH DE CAMP

American Figure Painters



"PORTRAIT OF MY DAUGHTERS"

(Copyright of Mr. N. E. Montross)

BY FRANK W. BENSON



"THE WOOD-CUTTERS"

(Copyright of Mr. N. E. Montross)

BY HORATIO WALKER

American Figure Painters

American painters have not infrequently lost, through over facility, all that was American in the ateliers of Paris, but there are some notable exceptions to this rule. Edmund C. Tarbell, Frank W. Benson and Robert Reid, who are all to be reckoned with the leading American figure painters, studied in Paris, and at the time when the French impressionists were exerting the strongest influence. All three returned to their native land deeply imbued with the theories of light, but not one was willing to accept ready-made formulas and each has worked out the problem along an entirely different line. Mr. Tarbell has attained greatest success in picturing scenes of home life, neither humble nor yet stilted, which painters generally have regarded as unpicturesque, if not unpaintable, discovering in those things nearest at hand true charm and significance. Light and air confined within the four walls of a well furnished room he has learned to interpret, and attractively. When it is said that all the American figure painters have turned illustrators, one can point to Mr. Tarbell's pictures in confutation. Placing no dependence upon what may be designated as a literary interest, and without forced sentiment, Mr. Tarbell has produced paintings both significant and appealing. He is an excellent draughtsman and colourist.

Mr. Benson has devoted himself largely to the interpretation of outdoor themes—landscapes with figures—summer pictures full of dazzling sunshine and vivid colour. Often he pictures the same people that Mr. Tarbell has painted, but, as it were, on holiday. His brushwork is sprightly and his canvases are essentially vital.

Mr. Reid has also shown a preference for painting in the open, posing his models in outdoor light and representing

them, as a rule, with floral backgrounds. His style and manner are, however, very different from those of his confrères, and in fact all others. He paints with a rather dry brush, in a high key, and his pictures frequently have a frosty appearance which suggests perhaps an almost too obvious atmosphere. They are not human documents, but decorative arrangements set forth apparently for no other purpose than to manifest a hitherto hidden beauty which the painter himself has discovered. So new, moreover, is the discovery that, at first, one is tempted to discredit its truth, but gradually it becomes convincing. To the initiated Mr. Reid's pictures are insistent charming.

Dry colour, laid on with short broken strokes, is characteristic of J. Alden Weir's paintings, but neither sunlight nor atmosphere have wiled him from the more serious problem of depicting beauty of human character. Doubtless he loves colour and knows well how to compose gentle harmonies,



"THE YELLOW FLOWER"

BY ROBERT REID

Emma Ciardi

out his pictures are primarily portrait studies—transcriptions of strong, individual personalities.

On the other hand Joseph De Camp and Sergeant Kendall both use rather heavy colour and allow it to flow freely. Mr. De Camp's colour is sometimes hot but his compositions are good and his paintings toneful. Mr. Kendall's latest paintings display a surface finish which, both in colour and quality suggest the translucent glaze on a rare piece of Japanese pottery.

In the production of large decorative canvases few have excelled Hugo Ballin, whose *Sybilla Europa* has lately been added to the Evans National Gallery collection; but his style is certainly Italian in derivation, and his work shows little American influence save, perhaps, in its ambitious daring. For the same reason Horatio Walker, whom many rank first amongst the *genre* painters of America, has not been earlier mentioned, his pictures being almost always painted in Canada. To be sure, Mr. Walker is individual, knowing and strong, but he seems to have a greater genius for assimilation than an inclination for fresh discovery. Temperamentally conservative, he has at times proved himself also daring, and his work has a unity which some of the other painters lack.

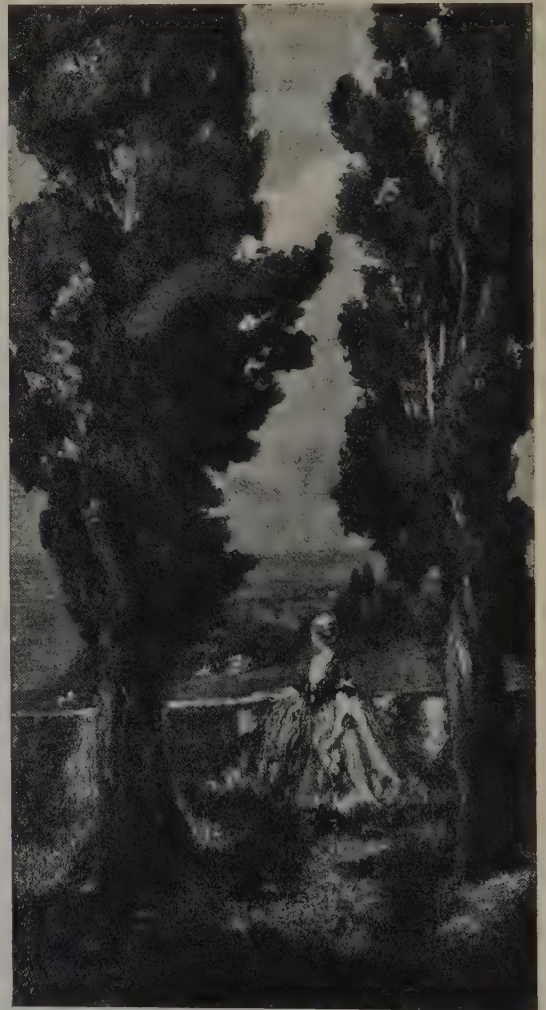
And yet no mention has been made of John W. Alexander and Kenyon Cox who are figure-painters of distinction, as well as mural painters of note. Mr. Alexander understands, as do few, the poetry of line and has a keen perception of decorative motives. He habitually uses coarse canvas, and applies his paint in broad washes thinned with benzine instead of oil. The effect somewhat suggests tapestry, but is distinctly pleasing.

The portrait painters, too, must be passed with but brief mention. William M. Chase has contributed much to American art, both through his paintings and his teaching. Cecilia Beaux in brilliancy, as well as audacity of technique, ranks with Sargent and Shannon. Robert Henri is the exponent of Manet and Whistler, a stern impressionist who possesses, however, a very definite personality, an acutely artistic temperament. Irving R. Wiles is a facile brushman, good colourist and clever painter; and the same may be said of Thomas P. Anshutz. There are many others of equal merit, but the purpose of this article has not been to tell of all, but a few—those who seem not satisfied with that art which is borrowed, but are in truth, though perhaps unconsciously, giving expression to an art which is both national and individual—an art liberated from tradition, and yet sane and conservative.

L. M.

EMMA CIARDI, PAINTER OF OLD ITALIAN GARDENS. BY L. BROSCH.

ONCE upon a time the rustle of silk gowns, as varied in their hues as the flowers round about, was a familiar sound in those stately gardens and parks of which the pictures of Emma Ciardi, reproduced on these pages, give us glimpses, and gallant gentlemen attired in broad cuffs, long embroidered waistcoats and lace trimmings, paid their addresses to emotionally disposed ladies. Freshly plucked flowers exhaled their fragrant odours from heaving bosoms; a flow of babbling gossip, in which sweet, sentimental commonplaces alternated with passages of wit, issued from the lips now long since dumb, and the melodies of Porpora or the



"FRA OMBRA E SOLE" ('TWIXT SHADOW AND SUN)
BY EMMA CIARDI



(The property of Edmund Davis, Esq.)

"PAROLE ANTICHE." FROM THE
OIL-PAINTING BY EMMA CIARDI.



"IL LABIRINTO"

BY EMMA CIARDI



"L'ADIEU"

BY EMMA CIARDI

Emma Ciardi

minuets of Cimarosa stirred the souls of these gentle, graceful women who flitted hither and thither in all their fine attire like some apparition in the land of dreams. There are, as we all know, certain flowers which we love from afar, flowers which commit their seeds to the winds or to birds as messengers to bring to a poor exile the greeting of a distant friend. The more modest of them make known their affections only in the deep stillness of twilight. Opening their aromatic petals, they seem to draw close to one another, and, holding themselves erect, palpitate with love. This is the story which I read in the old gardens painted by Emma Ciardi.

Emma Ciardi's father, Guglielmo, the well-known landscape painter; his son Beppe, a gifted, strenuous painter, and his young daughter, whom we now introduce to the public—these three form a unique trio to which we find a parallel only in the old Venetian art of the Bellinis and Bastianis. Emma began, when quite a child, to draw studiously from Nature, and without ever having had a proper master to direct her training (apart from her father, who gave her timely hints

and advice), she has pursued her own way, and by it attained to an entirely individual art. She discovered these old parks and gardens with their chateaux, and peopled them with sumptuously clad men and women—masked and powdered creatures who seemed to have nothing to do but pass their time in coquetting and flirting; nor does it require any effort on her part to revive these relics of the past, for this vanished world has impressed itself deeply on her soul.

It is from her father that Emma Ciardi has inherited her lyric temperament, but her conception of Nature is her own. With a technique always characterised by solidity, and a brushstroke at once broad and vivacious, the qualities which her palette unfolds are depth, sincerity, refinement and power. Her pictures are pervaded by an aristocratic sentiment, in keeping with her own tall, spare, refined figure. Viewed at close quarters, her pictures appear to be somewhat confused in technical treatment, but this indefiniteness is apparent only, for when seen a little way off all the elements blend together in utmost harmony. She has a strong objection to utilizing the canvas ground, as so



"LA PORTANTINA" (THE SEDAN CHAIR)

(*Neue Pinakothek, Munich*)

BY EMMA CIARDI



"VILLA D'ESTE"
BY EMMA CIARDI

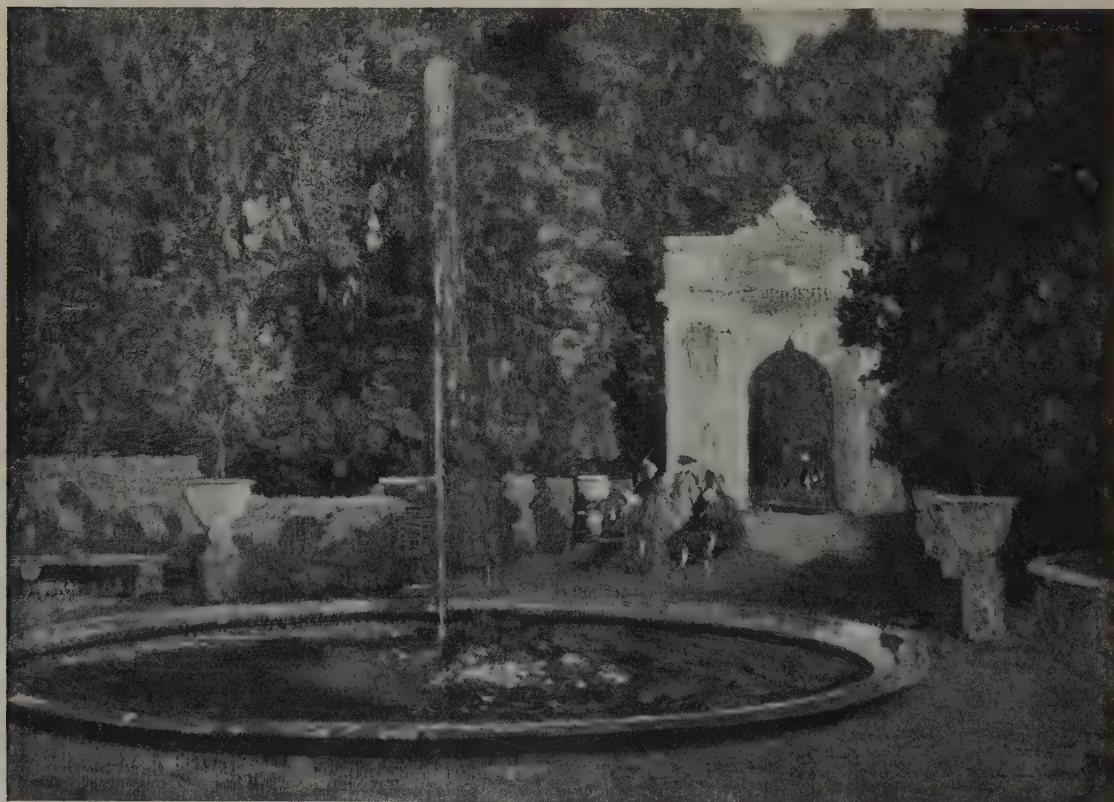
Emma Ciardi

many painters do, to achieve a certain transparency, preferring always to paint with a rich *impasto* in obedience to the prompting of a sensitive nature.

Most people have seen those elaborate volumes in which photographic views are given of the old Italian gardens. These views represent the highest attainment of illustration by means of mechanical reproductions, and yet how lifeless they one and all seem! Take, by way of comparison, one of this artist's pictures, and we shall see once more, without a doubt, how immeasurably superior is the human mind to the monotonous lens with its limited capabilities. Such a picture is the one in the Neue Pinakothek at Munich, called *La Portantina* (The Sedan Chair), in which a charming lady, dressed in yellow, is standing at the foot of a flight of stone steps in a sylvan park, close to a fountain which is spurting forth its jets in a rhythmic flow, and two pages are waiting with a Sedan chair of a bluish-green colour. In the background two young men, whose whispered conversation is doubtless about the lady in yellow, are seen disappearing at the top of the steps. This picture won a gold medal at the great art exhibition in Munich.

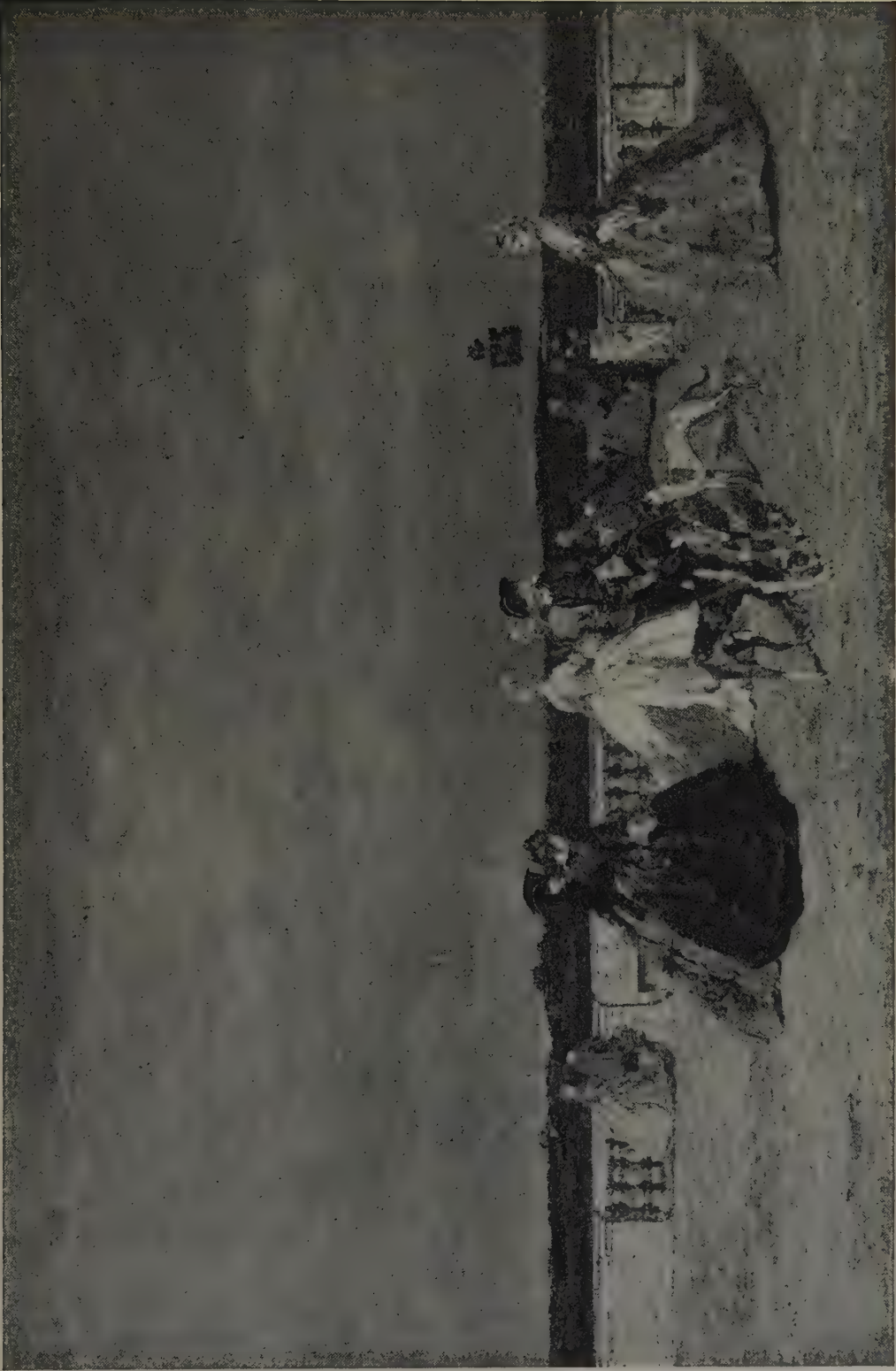
An air of mystery seems to pervade the picture called *Parole Antiche* (Words of Long Ago). The lady in the immediate foreground dressed in white, black, violet and green, is looking round cautiously as if she had been troubled by some unwelcome suitor and is about to slip away up the steps, at the top of which, resplendent in the most beautiful delicate white, is a Gianbologna fountain, surmounted by a Venus. Why I do not know, but whenever I gaze on this picture I always think of the fountain which D'Annunzio has described in such masterly terms in his novel, "*Les Vierges des Rochers*."

The picture of the *Villa d'Este* at Tivoli (now in the Art Gallery at Udine) was painted by Emma Ciardi in Rome. The russet-green of the tall trees in the foreground and the sparkling white of the fountain jets form, with the grey tones of the villa in the background, a pleasing colour symphony. A more striking harmonic contrast is presented by the picture of the *Villa Pallavicini*, the *motif* of which was derived from Pegli, in the Genoese Riviera. Here the rich deep blue of the water in the fountain basin blends agreeably with the verdant vegetation in the background.



"VILLA PALLAVICINI"

BY EMMA CIARDI



"LE RENDEZ-VOUS"
BY EMMA CIARDI



"Aus Langensalza"
By Norman Irving Black



"Corso Vittorio Emanuele, Milan"
By Norman Irving Black

Sketch Book of Norman I. Black

LEAVES FROM THE SKETCH BOOK OF NORMAN IRVING BLACK.

It is always a pleasure to us to bring to the notice of our readers the work of talented young artists, especially if that work carries with it evidence of an individual outlook and promise of future progress. The art school is too often the beginning and ending of a youthful artist's ambitions, and many a time the triumph of the classroom, the gaining of a medal, a diploma, or perhaps a studentship, has turned out to be the prelude to a career barren of anything beyond common-place achievement. We should be sorry to think this is the rule, but if it is, there are fortunately many exceptions, and not a few artists could be named in whose careers the honours gained at school have been no more than stepping-stones to far greater successes earned in later life.

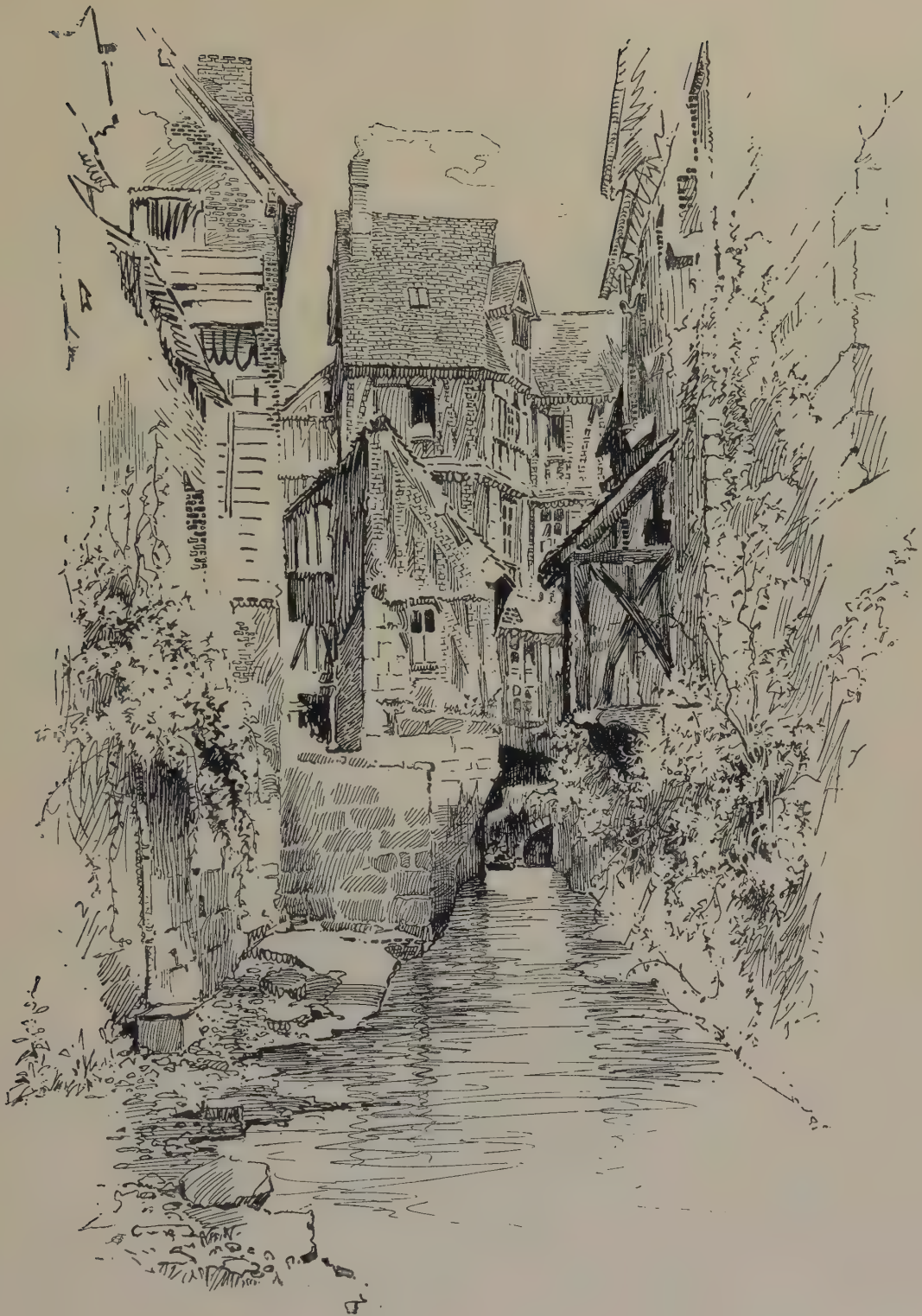
The young draughtsman of whose work with the lead pencil and pen we give some examples in the sketches reproduced on this and the succeeding pages can look back upon a particularly brilliant school career. Entering the Eric Pape School at Boston, Massachusetts, in 1903, at the age of twenty, he quickly distinguished himself, and by the time his training at that institution came to an end, in 1906, he had received, in addition to various minor prizes, a silver medal and a bronze medal, the one for drawing from the life, and the other for lead pencil drawing. Wisely recognising that the artist's education is never ended, he set off to Europe, making first of all a tour of Great Britain, in the course of which he executed a series of drawings of the Oxford colleges, and then proceeding to Paris, where he joined the Julian Academy, and qualified for the Ecole des Beaux-Arts.

During a subsequent sojourn in Paris he studied under such eminent masters as Lefebvre, J. P. Laurens and Robert Fleury.

The sketches selected for reproduction are but a few from a large number executed by Mr. Black during his tours in Europe, but they are sufficient to show that besides being a facile and sensitive draughtsman, he has a good grasp of the fundamental principles which govern the medium he works in. In his pen drawings especially he has been careful to avoid those extremes of over-elaboration and understatement which differentiate the efforts of the inexperienced from the productions of the draughtsman who has mastered the secrets of successful line work; and what he has done so far augurs well for his future achievements.



"DUTCH CHILDREN" (LEAD-PENCIL DRAWING). BY NORMAN IRVING BLACK



"Caudebec-en-Caux"
By Norman Irving Black



"Aus Langensalza"
By Norman Irving Black



"Corso Vittorio Emanuele, Milan"
By Norman Irving Black



"The Great Clock, Rouen"
By Norman Irving Black



"Quai St. Catherine, Martigues"
By Norman Irving Black

Mme. Debillemont-Chardon's Miniatures

MADAME DEBILLEMONT- CHARDON'S MINIATURES. BY OCTAVE UZANNE.

THERE are in existence both historical essays, practical treatises, interesting manuals and schools of miniature painting, but so far it has never been my lot to meet with, in France at any rate, a full history, or let me say rather a complete monograph upon painting in miniature, in enamel as well as on ivory, parchment or vellum. The origin of this very precious art may be traced back to a period long before the Christian era, for the Orientals,—Chinese, Indians, Persians and Byzantines,—centuries ago executed incomparable miniatures on sheets of rice paper, upon papyrus, or on mica. Almost everything has come to us from the East, and the art of miniature painting is no exception to this; one can indeed truly say that, in their conscientiousness, their close observation and the exact and finished drawing of the faces and all the details of costume, those splendid works done in far-off days in Persia, in India or in China during the flourishing days of their civilisation, have never been surpassed.

The religious scribes and others who in the earliest period of our era embellished with such care the manuscript pages of their *livres d'heures* and who cunningly wrought, mid glittering panels of gold and volutes of foliage, those entrancing pictures, those divine landscapes, were assuredly rare artists whose mastery of their craft astounds us to-day. Their surprising talent was inculcated and fostered by tradition handed on by those wandering monks and pilgrims who had gained their knowledge from lands which we now speak of as "barbaric," yet which were so wonderfully civilised ages before our own occidental civilisation began. The art of illuminating spread through Greece and Italy to France and Flanders, and thence to England. The earliest miniaturists passed their days in the cloister, where, untouched by the vanities of the world, they lived secluded and executed their masterpieces. For the most part their names are unknown to us, like those of the great Primitives to whom we give fortuitous appellations. We speak of Oderic da Gubio, canon of a religious order, who lived at Sienna, simply because Dante makes mention of this name. Later we cite Jacques Argenta de Ferrara, then Anne Seghers, André de Vito, Jean Serva, Louis du Guerrier and Jacques Bailly. These last, however, were secular miniaturists who lavished their skill upon the decoration of boxes,

fans, bonbonnières and bracelets. They opened up a new sphere for the art—namely, that of painting with great subtlety upon all manner of surfaces. To them belongs the distinction of creating the vogue for the portable portrait, the allegorical figure, and the graceful presentment, idealised by the artist, of face and form, upon which passionate lovers might feast their amorous glances.

In the seventeenth century Aubriet of Brussels did a number of miniatures of flowers and animals for the collection started by Gaston d'Orléans, which ever since the French Revolution has been housed in the Museum of Natural History. Following him we have Elisabeth Sophie Chéron, Jeanne Marie Clémentina, Jacques Philippe Ferrand, and, lastly, Klingstedt, who under the Regency gained at the Court of France the flattering sobriquet "The Raphael of Snuffboxes." All these artists displayed a graceful talent and consummate taste in their gallant compositions, which, following the customs of the period, became frequently carried to the point of licen-



"DANS LE PARC"

BY GABRIELLE DEBILLEMONT-CHARDON
(The property of Mons. Georges I. Gould)



"PETITE KABYLE," AND "PETITE FILLE
DE L'ÎLE DE MARKEN." FROM TWO MINIATURES
BY GABRIELLE DEBILLEMONT-CHARDON.

Mme. Debillemont-Chardon's Miniatures

tiousness. Félicité Sartori, Marie Tibaldi, Jacques Christophe Le Blond, the inventor of the method of colour engraving, J. A. Arlaud, all working in the first half of the eighteenth century, have left us adorable evidences of their delicate and rare talent. To the work of Rosalba Carriera, who was born at Chioggia, near Venice, and came to Paris about 1720, we may apply a new descriptive phrase of finesse and distinction—to coin a new expression, one may say, she *pastelled* on ivory. The elder Drouais, Joseph Ducreux, Mlle. Labille-Guiard, Fragonard himself, Mme. Vigée-le-Brun, Joseph Camerata, Ismaël Mengs, Baudouin, Jeanne Etienne Liotard, Daniel Chlodowiecki, Charlier, Guérin of Strasbourg, Jean Augustin, and also Isabey, Aubry, Pierre Violet, and Dumont acquired equally great reputations as miniaturists in the eighteenth century. Under the Directory, the First Empire and the Restoration the celebrated miniature painters are again numerous, though besides Daniel Saint and Isabey, Mme. de Mirbel alone need be mentioned here. After this there is hardly any one save Mme. Herbelin who enjoyed an assured reputation in the nineteenth century, and at the close of the last century the decadence of the miniature was complete.

It is hardly necessary for me to recapitulate the names of that great series of masters of the miniature in England from Bernard Lens to Richard Cosway, Engleheart, the brothers Plimer, John Smart, Samuel Cote, John Donaldson, the Hones, father and son, James Nixon, William Wood, Andrew Anderson, Ch. William Ross and so many others. One must have seen the collection of miniatures of the late Queen Victoria in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle in order to understand and appreciate all the resource, the variety, the delicacy, the elegance, the power and the infinite charm of these wonderful paintings of and by women.

The serious decadence of the art of miniature painting is attributed generally to the invention of photography, and this widely accredited opinion seems to be in principle indisputable. Photography has vulgarised the taste in portraiture, making us content with a dull, grey, unidealised likeness. When the daguerreotype was put on the market the public went mad over the new process. The portrait remained no longer a rare work, a charming interpretation of the expression of features seen through the sensitive eye of a painter who knew how to harmonise the character of a face and to extract its essential qualities; it now became a mere deceptive reproduction in

light and coarse shadows of the corporal body of the sitter, without colour and devoid of every delicate nuance of tone. But it is hopeless to fight against the spread of such a useful invention. As soon as one could have one's likeness by the dozen, with such deplorable adjuncts as backgrounds decorated to imitate nature, the exquisite art of painting in miniature was abandoned as old-fashioned, particularly when the cost of a minute and finished production by a talented artist was placed in the balance against the low price of the mechanical operation. The miniature ceased to interest its last devotees, and, indeed, there seemed no reason for the art to survive longer. In consequence, artists found themselves obliged to relinquish practising in this wonderful method, since the work no longer attracted the attention save of a few amateurs of leisure who thought little of gaining profit by their patronage of the art.

From the reign of Louis Philippe onward this art, once so highly esteemed, so refined, so superior, fell from its high estate, and became a mere recreation, a pastime, or was debased to the level of mere copyists' work. Yet there remained a few gifted women who signed some artistic achievements which serve to link up the chain of fine traditions, but for the most part the productions were pitiable.



MINIATURE PORTRAIT
BY GABRIELLE DEBILLEMONT-CHARDON

Mme. Debillemont-Chardon's Miniatures

Fortunately, nothing which indubitably belongs to the domain of æstheticism, can ever entirely perish. There is tradition in every branch of art, and vestals will always be found who will keep the sacred fire ever burning. So it is with this art of miniature painting—it is undergoing a renaissance, and again, it can count its priests, and especially its priestesses, who are earnestly striving to revive it, and to bring it into contact with modern life, and who, less desirous of imitating their predecessors in the past than of producing new and original work, seek to be personal and independent in their methods.

Among contemporary miniaturists of real importance who have been indefatigable in renewing the sacred fire upon the too-long neglected altar, Mme. Gabrielle Debillemont-Chardon appears in the forefront. Referring to this so conscientious artist M. Léonce Bédite, director of the Musée du Luxembourg, has written: "She has taken a most prominent part in the movement to resurrect the art of miniature painting, for her works, so fresh, so living, so alert, so intellectually conceived, while appearing to be improvised, yet all the while supported by sound and solid drawing, are among those which have maintained the reputation of this old French art during the period of stagnation through which it has passed . . . It is her excellent example which has encouraged the greater number of the young miniaturists of to-day who are so actively working in co-operation."

Gabrielle Debillemont-Chardon was born at Dijon during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Her father was a distinguished musical conductor and composer of studies, symphonies, operas and ballets. Mme. Debillemont's vocation was strongly marked out for her, and luckily she found no obstacle placed in the way of her following it by a family of independent spirit and artistic tendency. About the age of eighteen, having brilliantly passed the examinations of the city of Paris, she received her certificate as teacher of drawing, and sought for a position as head of a school, successfully obtaining such a post some few years later in the 10th arrondissement of Paris. After seven years of professorship the young woman became anxious to assure herself greater liberty, and was full of a belief that she could attain some eminence in the branch of miniature painting, which at that time had become so debased in the hands of the fair unmarried girls who wiled away the time spoiling ivories with their villainous daubs. M. de Pomeyrac, miniature painter to Napoleon III., was her first adviser and her guide in the new

technique to which she now desired to devote her talents. After her first timid essays and her earliest stippled drawings, she grew bolder to the point of desiring to innovate and to wander in untrodden paths. She sought to gain a freedom of execution that should not exclude delicacy and grace of modelling. A visit that she paid to Flanders and Holland sufficed to enlarge her conceptions and to arouse in her the determination of equalling the work of certain *petits maîtres* in the Netherlands, and of doing for her epoch what they had done for theirs.

Born under a lucky star, Mme. Debillemont-Chardon had no time to become impatient, for success came to her at once. Her contemporaries appreciated her original talent, and the acknowledged beauties of the *beau-monde* made it a point of vanity to be painted in miniature by the young artist. In 1894, and again in 1901, she received the medal of the Salon des Artistes Français, and is to-day *hors concours*. The Musée du Luxembourg in Paris and the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, acquired examples of her most original work. Her reputation established, pupils came to her from all parts of the world, and these, for the most part, in their turn have attained an



"RÊVERIE"

BY GABRIELLE DEBILLEMONT-CHARDON

Mme. Debillemont-Chardon's Miniatures



"JEUNE NYMPHE." BY GABRIELLE
DEBILLEMONT-CHARDON
(Musée du Luxembourg)

excellent notoriety at the Exhibitions of Paris, London, Copenhagen, Munich and elsewhere. Mme. Debillemont-Chardon is able to explain the difficulties of the art of miniature painting, and can teach how they may be overcome, how to obtain that lightness of hand, that accuracy of touch, that taste for harmonious colouring and that subtle blending of tones without which no charming miniatures capable of resisting the ravages of time can exist. "It is a great mistake," she remarks in an excellent treatise on miniature painting on ivory published under her name, "to suppose that it is not necessary to be able to draw well in order to paint a good miniature. I counsel all my pupils who desire to study painting on ivory, not to begin this art until they have been well prepared by good years devoted to drawing. My long experience," she adds, "has taught me that only those who know how to draw have ever

attained any measure of success; the others have remained by the wayside, and despite an execution which might become pretty and charming, have served but to swell the ranks of the mediocrities. The miniaturist in portrait work must not remain content with mere external resemblance, but must endeavour to look deeper and to divine the spiritual side of the sitter, his character, his personality, for besides the face it is also the soul that the artist must try to see."

Madame Debillemont-Chardon has aimed to lift the art of miniature painting from the level of the conventional, pretty, coquettish, and, if I may be allowed the expression, "bon-bon box" kind of work. She has conceived with much truth the idea that too often subjects of mere dainty elegance have been chosen by miniature painters, and that in reality all human beings, even the most lowly, are worthy of being set down upon ivory amid their own proper environment. It is for this reason that she has chosen for one of her subjects *Deux vieux Bourguignons*, in which we are sensitive to the earthy savour of the old vineyards of the *Côte d'Or*. *La petite Kabyle*, and the little girl in a red dress of the Island of Marken, have the merit, one sees, of having been done in the open air, and of trapping the sunlight in the beautiful eyes of the little models who have served as her types. To make new experiments in colour, in effects of light, studies under all conditions; not to subordinate the rôle of the miniaturist to the



"DEUX VIEUX BOURGUIGNONS" BY GABRIELLE DEBILLEMONT-CHARDON
(In the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool)

Etched Book-Plates



ETCHED BOOK-PLATE
BY SIR CHAS. HOLROYD, R.E.

portrayal merely of fair women or pretty high-born children, but to realise that the aged, too, are wonderfully picturesque, that the sailor, the countryman, the workman, the artisan of the towns, the Arab, the Bedouin, the fellah, all offer to the artist physiognomies no less interesting than those of the exotic *mondaines* in the salons of the metropolis—these are some of the lessons which Madame Debillemont-Chardon endeavours to inculcate in her pupils. She shows them unceasingly how necessary it is to maintain ever a fresh and youthful outlook in their work, how to cultivate a sane and exact appreciation of things and a big and bold technique, and also to hesitate ere determining too abruptly what is “miniaturable” and what is not.

I am glad that THE STUDIO, the pages of which are always open to all independent efforts

in modern art, should reproduce here certain of Madame Debillemont-Chardon's miniatures. These portraits, in themselves, are full of suggestion and teaching, and my part in surrounding them with these few remarks has simply resolved itself into saying—such is the artist who has signed them, and therein proved the value of the theories which she so ably puts into practice. O. U.

ETCHED BOOK-PLATES. BY FRANK NEWBOLT.

IF Sir Lancelot of the Lake had lived in modern times, or if *ex-libris* had been known where Arthur held his court at Camelot, we should doubtless have seen in books,

“Sir Lancelot's azure lions, crown'd with gold
Ramp in the field”

of an engraved shield, and the royal book-plate



ETCHED BOOK-PLATE

BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.



TWO ETCHED BOOK-PLATES
BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.

Etched Book Plates



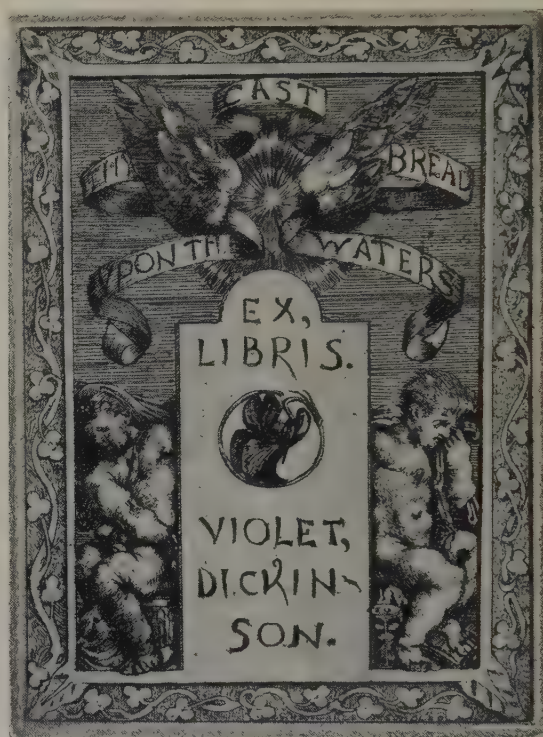
ETCHED BOOK-PLATE
BY SIR CHARLES HOLROYD, R.E.

would have given the Mr. Eve of the time an opportunity of creating a delicate design of the gilded dragon of Britain in the days of chivalry, when a coat of arms was almost as necessary for a knight as a coat of mail. The invention of gunpowder has much to answer for. Until the fourteenth century heraldry gave the only clue by which a man, prince, baron, knight, or servant, could be distinguished in the field, and an intimate acquaintance with the principal blazons, marks, and terms was much commoner than an elementary knowledge of letters. It is now a mere survival, but it still remains a symbol of family, and a better one than a name itself, because, while a tinker may call himself Norfolk Howard, the right to arms must be legally established, as those who receive titles of honour sometimes discover to their cost. There is more than one blank shield in the Inner Temple Hall, and doubtless in the halls of other Inns also, where the arms of successive treasurers are emblazoned in order round the walls.

After the battle of Agincourt heraldic emblems

ceased to be seen in war, though it is only within living memory that standards have fallen out of use as rallying points in the *melée*. Khaki has taken the place of scarlet, guns have a range of three thousand yards, and the frontal attack is as much out of date as the naval tactics of Actium.

Book-plates are the product of democracy, and afford evidence of the spread of education. They give an opportunity for the use of arms akin to their original object, but the modern appreciation of design, and the consequent existence of a number of designers, supply an incentive to the production of special symbols for individuals who are attracted by the prevailing fashion. They are



ETCHED BOOK-PLATE BY SIR CHARLES HOLROYD, R.E.

inexpensive, useful, and a graceful addition to the most modest library. They may be printed from any kind of block or plate, and each kind has some special quality to recommend it, but etched book-plates appeal to the taste of many as the most interesting, and it is with these alone, saving one slight exception, that we have here to deal.

It is difficult to lay down exact rules for anything in art. Each new movement bursts the bonds of tradition, and where tradition is paramount, art decays. When Whistler, himself a genius and an outlaw, dogmatically insisted upon the criminality

Etched Book-Plates



ETCHED BOOK-PLATE

BY D. Y. CAMERON

of large etched plates, he was too shortsighted or too vain to foresee the development of their decorative value, and other instances might be given from mediæval or Eastern art. It may, however, be safely stated that book-plates should not be too large for convenient use in books, and they should possess either some striking individuality or some special beauty of design, and of course the execution should be of the best.

The modern label often suggests that the owner is fond of books. Thus in one of our reproductions we see Labour storing up great piles of volumes. But in Mr. Frank Brangwyn's design for Mr. Victor Singer, the prominent feature is not really the books, but the virile force of the designer who loves to design virility. This example suggests another side to the question of ideas for book-plates. The owner admires the work of an artist, and desires to possess an etching of his, which is to be all his own, but not, like a portrait, a plate from which only a few impressions will naturally be required. A book-plate satisfies the wish, and the design may be of any kind so long as it recalls, as

it must generally do, the individuality of the etcher. The perfect label suggests at once the owner and the designer. The old heraldic engraving suggested nothing except that the owner claimed the right to bear arms. In the unnamed book-plate by Mr. Brangwyn, which we are also allowed to reproduce, the idea of the owner was to suggest the soaring spirit of intellectual development overriding all material obstacles to mental progress. A symbolical figure rises wingless above a city, though I confess that the object of the cymbals is not apparent.

The other example of this artist's book-plates is a combination of several ideas. It is heraldic, though



ETCHED BOOK-PLATE. BY GEORGE W. EVE, R.E.

not in the manner of Mr. Eve, who, like Mr. Sherborn, seems devoted to what is exclusively knightly, and it suggests an interest on the part of both the owner and the etcher in ships, and it is a beautiful, free, and characteristic design. Like the other two, it is primarily an etching, and in its original state almost unsuitable, for reasons of size and expense, to be used as a book label; but it has been well reproduced on a small wood block, and the comparatively cheap impressions of the latter

Etched Book-Plates



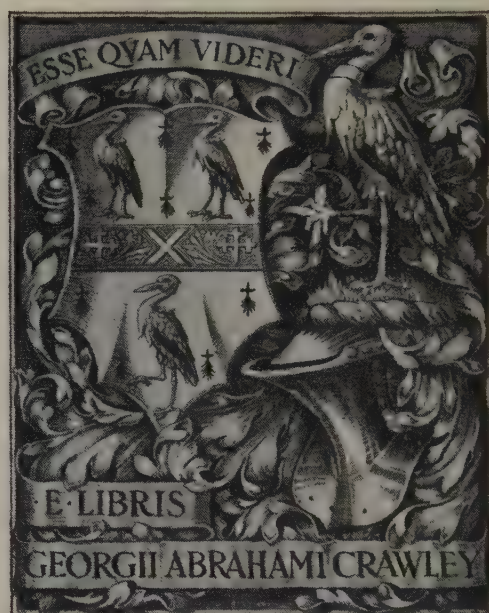
ETCHED BOOK-PLATE BY D. Y. CAMERON

form ideal book-plates. They have no plate-mark, and, when inserted in books, harmonise delightfully with the printed pages. This may serve as a useful hint to owners or would-be owners of large etched examples. Sir Charles Holroyd's decorative plates, on the other hand, are small and easily printed, so that they preserve the character of original etchings. One or two of them are reminiscent of Italy, and all have the charm of marked individuality and spontaneity.

Mr. Cameron's work, in this as in other fields, is known to readers of *THE STUDIO*. The present specimens are also interesting, and worthy of their fellows, fulfilling all the conditions suggested for the execution of a useful and decorative label. Take, for instance, that of Sir James Bell. The name is easily legible (though perhaps not quite so satisfactory as that of Mr. John A. Downie in the other), the heraldic element, which we should naturally look for in the book-plate of a baronet, is introduced, though not obtrusively, and the design and execution suggest the hand of the well-known etcher. We are also reminded that the late Lord Provost of Glasgow was the owner of the *Thistle* when it challenged for the America Cup. Mr. Cameron's book-plates are small and somewhat typographical in character, and their technical qualities are so fine that reproductions cannot do them justice. All of them give due prominence to the name of the owner ;

some are very simple, and some purely heraldic in treatment.

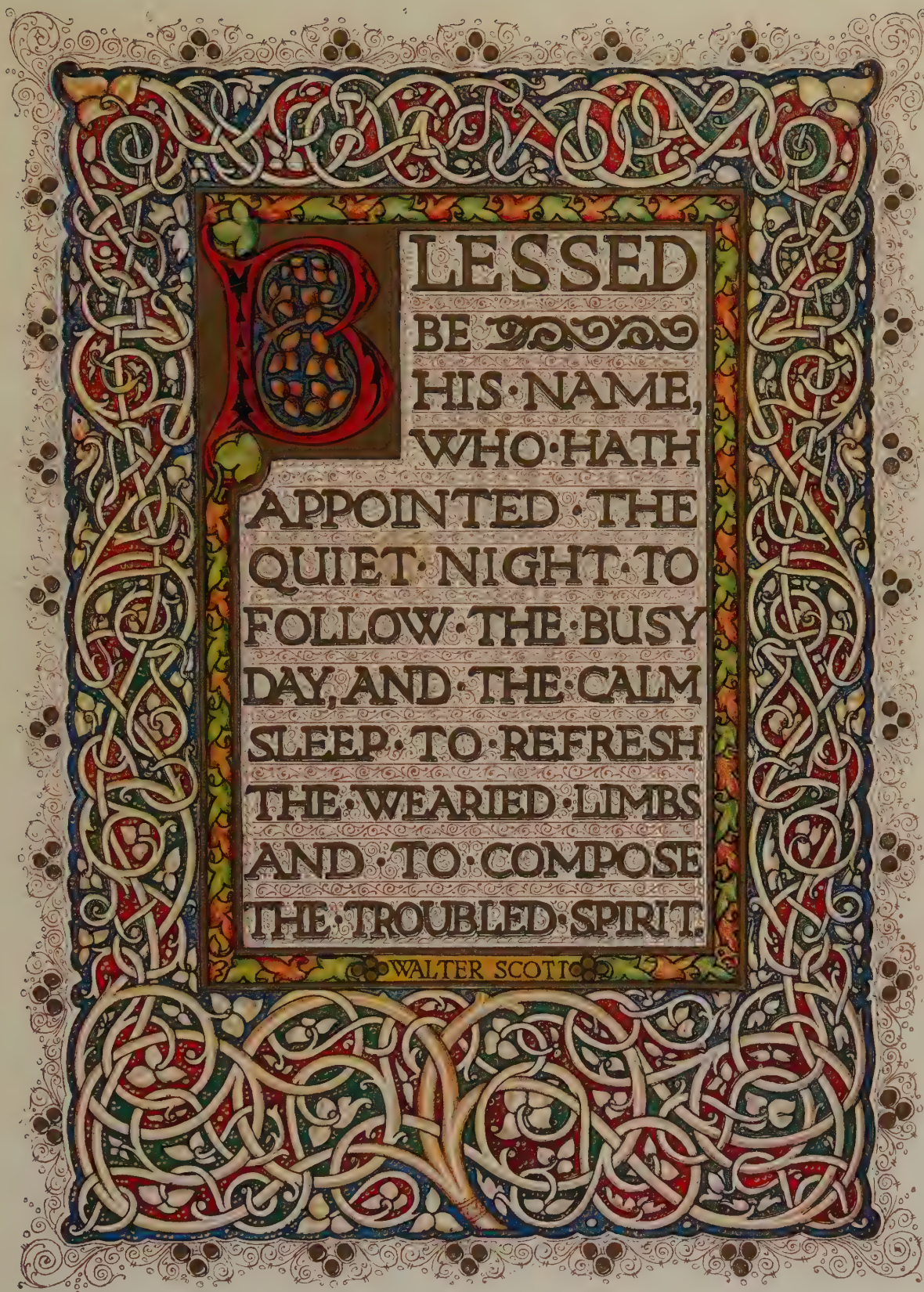
Mr. Eve, who designed and executed the King's book-plates, of various sizes, and also those of Queen Victoria, has brought the art of etching these armorial plates to such technical perfection that he seems to be throwing down the gauntlet to the old engravers, and the peculiar richness of his process gives a distinctive quality which can never be obtained by the burin. His work is best suited to the best books : for really fine printing, for the books of a royal library, for instance,



ETCHED BOOK-PLATE BY GEORGE W. EVE, R.E.

where we imagine everything must be of the best, nothing could be more suitable. The worst that can be said of them is that in a democratic age, which has witnessed this growth of popular taste, they are undemocratic. When compared with those of most artists they remind us of the deer-hound in *High Life and Low Life*. There is a blare of trumpets about them, a hint of polished steel, of clanging arms and mantlets of ermine. They recall Jacquemart's matchless imitations.

Much has been written about *ex-libris*, an expression, by the way, which has passed into current slang, like *omnibus*. Societies are formed for collecting the labels, and by exchange or purchase some have secured large numbers of them, but with this secondary and less noble use of the book-plate I have nothing to do. For



Studio-Talk



ETCHED BOOK-PLATE BY GEO. W. EVE, R.E.

those who take an interest in the subject on any side there are many books to read, and the late Mr. Gleeson White wrote a charming essay about it, profusely illustrated, which was published as an extra number of *THE STUDIO*. F. N.

STUDIO-TALK.

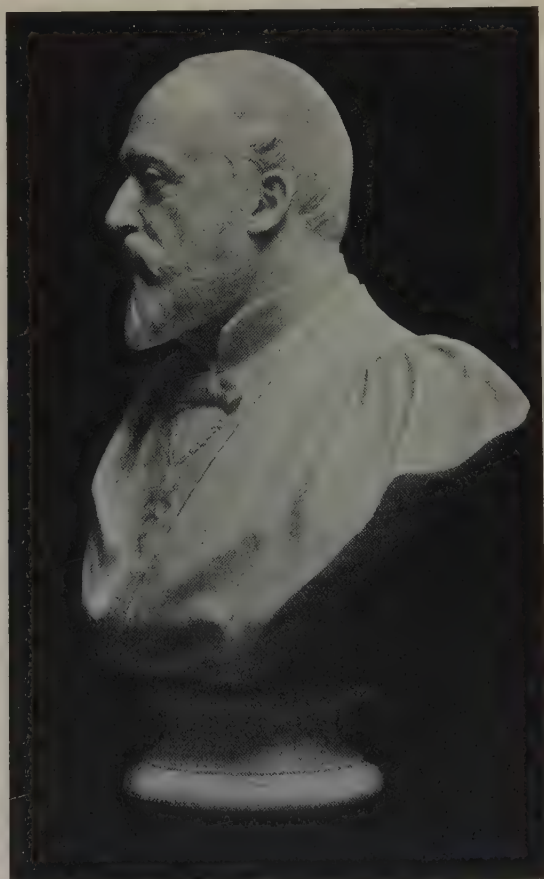
(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The bust of the King which Mr. Albert Bruce-Joy has executed for the Victoria University at Manchester is notable as being to some extent a departure from the usual conventions of royal portraiture. In carrying out this work the sculptor had the advantage of special sittings from the King, and was therefore able to make a very close study of those subtleties of modelling which count for so much in arriving at a likeness in portrait sculpture. The bust in consequence is not less successful as a record of a personality than as a dignified and effective representation of a great personage.

The illuminated text which we reproduce in colour from the design of Messrs. Sangorski and Sutcliffe is a very successful achievement, and reflects much credit on these artists, both as

regards the lettering and its decorative setting. The selection of a passage from a modern author is fully justified by the beauty of the thought expressed by Sir Walter Scott. Here and there in the writings of the great authors of the present age one drops upon some precious saying that is no less worthy of being enshrined in this way than many of those on which the illuminators of the Middle Ages displayed their talent.

This year the winter exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours seems to be in advance of preceding ones, though these have all reached a high standard of late. We think much credit must go to Mr. Anning Bell for his *Going to the Hunt*, rare in colour scheme as in design; but brilliant indeed are the studies of Mrs. Laura Knight. Notable pictures are *The Goose Girl*, by Mr. Arthur Rackham; *On the Giudecca*, by Miss Clara Montalba; *Pittsworth Mill*, by the president, Sir Ernest A. Waterlow, R.A.; *Lock Alsh*, by Mr. Robert W. Allan; *Bains de la Ville*,



BUST OF KING EDWARD FOR VICTORIA UNIVERSITY,
MANCHESTER BY A. BRUCE-JOY

Studio-Talk

St. Valery-sur-Somme, by Mr. Walter Bayes; and *White Phlox*, by Mr. Francis E. James. Both Mr. George Clausen and Mr. Edwin Alexander on this occasion well support the society of which their art is such an ornament. There is no water-colour by Mr. Sargent this year; but Mr. D. Y. Cameron is well represented by *A Mosque in Cairo*; and Mr. Hopwood's *Sheep Market, Biskra*, is a singularly successful work.

The pastoral staff, illustrated on this page, is the gift of a private donor to the present Bishop of Salisbury for his use and that of his successors in the See. It will be placed, when not in use, in a specially designed case near the Bishop's Throne in the Cathedral. It is executed in ivory, silver gilt, jewelled and enamelled, with ebony



BISHOP'S STAFF IN CARVED IVORY
DESIGNED BY J. A. REEVE
CARVED BY I. E. TAYLERSON

stem. The group at the top represents Christ's charge to St. Peter, the statues on the lower part are those of the Blessed Virgin, to whom the cathedral is dedicated, St. Aldhelm, St. Osmund, and Bishop Poore, the founder of the present cathedral. The length of the staff is 6 feet 3 inches. The sculptor, Mr. I. E. Taylerson, is an old Lambeth student, and a frequent exhibitor at the Academy.

The Society of Portrait Painters' Exhibition at the New Gallery is by far one of the most successful they have held, though Mr. Sargent is only represented by one sketch in oil and one in charcoal. Mr. Orpen's *Lewis R. L. Tomalin, Esq.*, is, frankly, an interior painting, and nothing he has done hitherto in this department has approached it in lucidity. Mr. Wm. Nicholson's *Lady Denman* is a triumph of portraiture, but though the motive of a figure isolated in the fashion of this has served him so well in poster-designing, it scarcely recommends itself to us as a new convention for portrait painters. Mr. Charles Shannon's *Phæbe* seems to fail in the face, but as a scheme it has much of the refinement and beauty of his *Mrs. Patrick Campbell*, which represents his distinguished art at its best. The high level of the exhibition is attained by many painters making unusual successes, as, for instance, M. Blanche in *Anniversary*, Mr. Harrington Mann in *Portrait Head*, Mr. W. Llewellyn in *T. W. Meates, Esq.*, Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen in *Sir James Fleming*, Mr. W. B. E. Ranken in *Mrs. Brown Potter*, Miss La Primaudaye in *The Egyptian Dancer*, and the Hon. John Collier's *A Gentleman*.

The great success of the National Loan Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries is in accord with the objects which its organisers had in view—viz., to assist the National Gallery, and direct to it, through material demonstration, the wide interest of the public. We British are so apathetic to unpractised theory and pen-and-ink appeal, that it is almost invariably the appearance of impatient enthusiasts, whose motto is "Actions not words," that marks each period of our advance. The organisation of this exhibition of masterpieces is the outcome of such enthusiasm, but no small measure of credit is due to Mr. Francis Howard, who has again given proof of his rare organising skill. Public interest has been aroused to such an extent that all records of attendance at the Grafton Galleries—or any similar gallery, we believe—have been broken. But the most important result of the undertaking, and one of which the organisers can



*(National Loan Exhibition, lent
by Messrs. Duveen Brothers)*

PORTRAIT OF A BURGOMASTER
BY FRANZ HALS

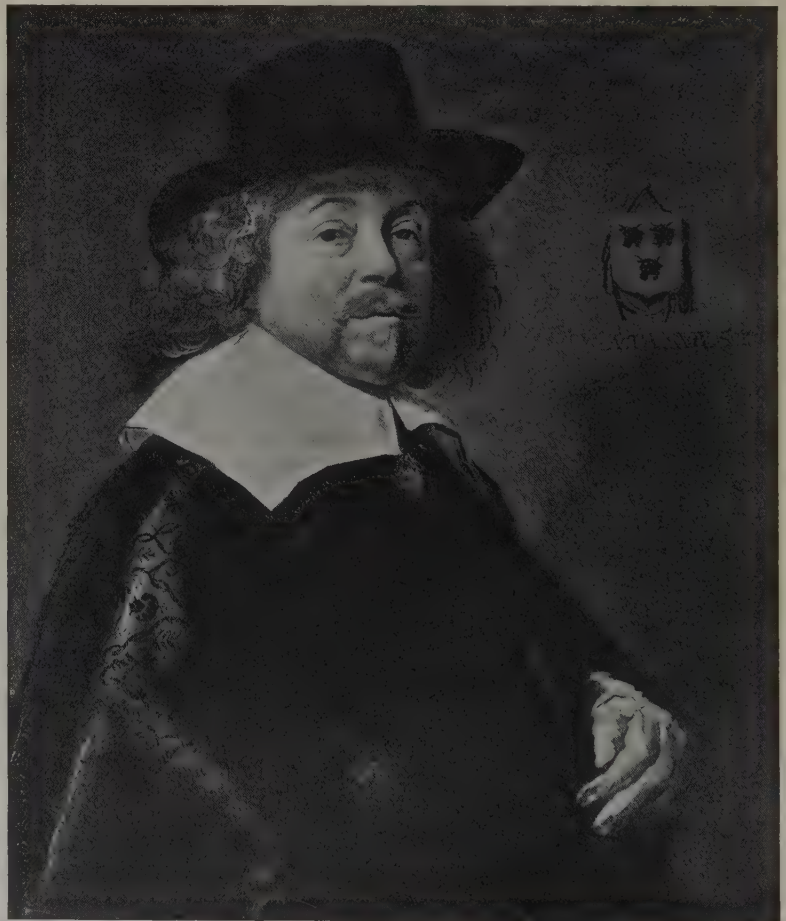
Studio-Talk

be most proud, is the voluntary recognition by both political parties, through Mr. Harcourt on the one side and Mr. Balfour on the other, of the growing necessities of the National Gallery and its claim to increased financial help from the State. This result is very gratifying, and the more so having regard to the fact (as we believe it to be) that a recent appeal to the Treasury on the part of the National Gallery Trustees met with no greater encouragement than others which have been made to it in late years. But while welcoming these signs of a changed attitude, we must urge that if Art has any claims at all to encouragement by the State, the claims of contemporary British Art should not be lost sight of. One need only turn to Mr. Hugh Stokes' "Art Treasures of London" to see how scantily our living painters of eminence are represented in the National and other public collections, a defect which we are glad to recognise is being remedied to some extent by the exertions of those who control the National Art Collections Fund.

This exhibition is remarkable for its comprehensiveness. Rubens, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Hals, Van Dyck, Watteau, Reynolds, Gainsborough, are all represented by important works. Then a very complete collection has been made of the Italian School, including works of the Primitives, Raphael Madonnas, and as many as four Giorgiones, as well as examples of Titian and Tintoret. Of the works we reproduce the *Portrait of Giovanni Onigo*, ascribed to Giorgione, only lately came from the Onigo family, one of the most ancient aristocratic families in the North of Italy. The three portraits by Franz Hals, whose methods provide such a remarkable precedent for the modern style, were purchased by Messrs.

Duveen from the great collection of the late M. Maurice Kann. The pastoral scene by Watteau is a brilliant little example of a master who is well represented in none of our public collections except the Wallace, and not at all in the chief one. The original was presented to the National Gallery of Scotland in 1866. Our other illustration is the beautiful *Portrait of an Old Lady* by Rembrandt, a work which is believed to portray the same lady as is seen in the National Gallery's *Portrait of an Old Lady*, painted about 1661.

The Goupil Gallery Salon now ranks as one of the exhibitions of the year to look forward to. Perhaps this year the rank and file of pictures are not of so stimulating an order as last year's, but painters like Emile Blanche, Wilson Steer, Wm. Nicholson and Wm. Orpen, give a fine lead. In his interiors—especially *The Dressing Room*, *Offranville*, and *Two Mirrors in the Music Room*—M. Blanche refines even upon the remarkable



PORTRAIT OF A MAN

BY FRANZ HALS
(National Loan Exhibition, lent by Messrs. Duveen Bros.)



"SCÈNE PASTORALE." AFTER THE OIL-PAINTING IN THE
NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND BY ANTOINE WATTEAU.

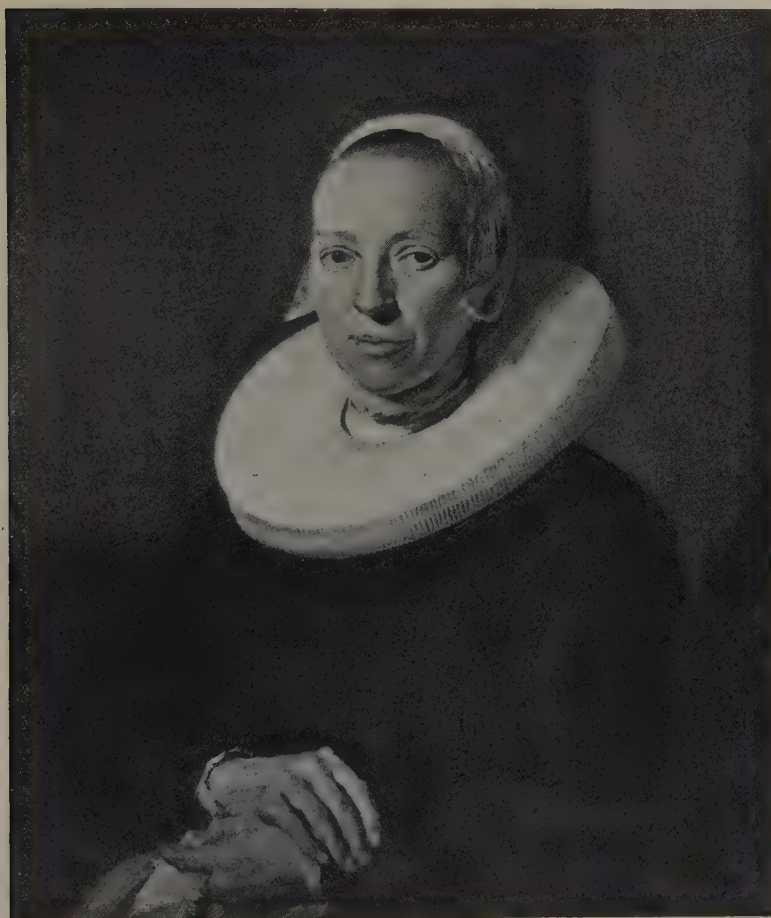
Studio-Talk

truth of interpretation attained in his interiors last year. A. Falchetti's *Inverno al Santuario d'Oropu sulle Alpi*, and Mr. D. Y. Cameron's *The Citadel, Cairo*, are two of the most important pictures in the Salon. Mr. J. D. Fergusson's *Chez Reboux*, Mr. J. C. W. Cossaar's *Binnenhof*, Mr. Alexander Jamieson's *Summer in France*, Mr. Fred. Mayor's *The Circus*, Mr. F. H. S. Shepherd's *A Conversation*, are other pictures of much interest, as also are the curious little panel, *A May Queen*, by Mr. A. S. Hartrick; *The Prison, Venice*, by Mr. George Thomson; the *Dinner Table, with Flowers*, by Sir Wm. Eden; *Newlyn*, by Mr. Lamorna Birch; *A Frosty Morn*, by Mr. Arthur Friedenson; *The View from the Loggia*, by Mr. Alfred Hayward; *In a Park*, by Mr. Albert Rothenstein, and *Mist and Calm*, by Miss Ethel Walker. There are two interesting canvases by M. Le Sidaner, and *The Happy Mother*, by Mr. G. W. Lambert, is a fine achievement. Mr. Walter Russell's *Poole Harbour* is a landscape of unusual beauty.

At the Leicester Gallery the three exhibitions held simultaneously in October and November were all of much interest. Mr. William Strang's work is so individual and his aims so high that an exhibition of a collection of his work is an event. Steeped as his art appears to be in scholarship of Venetian tradition—that is, as regards his paintings—his etchings reveal quite another Mr. Strang, with whom we are more familiar. It is only in such a painting as *The Blind Musician* that the character which we associate with his etchings, and which, we think, reveals his true personality, reappears. The other exhibitions were those of the water-colour illustrations of Mr. W. Lee Hankey for "The Deserted Village" and the illustrations of Mr. Edmund Dulac for the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Mr. Lee Hankey's work emphasises the difference between illustration in the old days and as it is now. There is no one of the newer school cleverer than this artist, and his interpretations are not unpoetic for all their realism. Mr.

Edmund Dulac's pictures are upon the best lines for the decoration of a book. We wonder if he has not missed a little of the grace in drawing feminine character which was so attractive in his last designs, but in all other respects his art is enriched and shows a closer observance of beauty.

Tempera is a medium which has its native quality, just as water-colour, and the artist's work of course is most admirable that expresses its essential quality. In the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Tempera,—the most important of recent exhibitions at the Baillie Gallery—we found these merits best exemplified in such works as *The Half-Way House, Minchinhampton Common*, by Mr. Norman Wilkinson; *San Giorgio Maggiore*, by Mr. Joseph E. Southall;

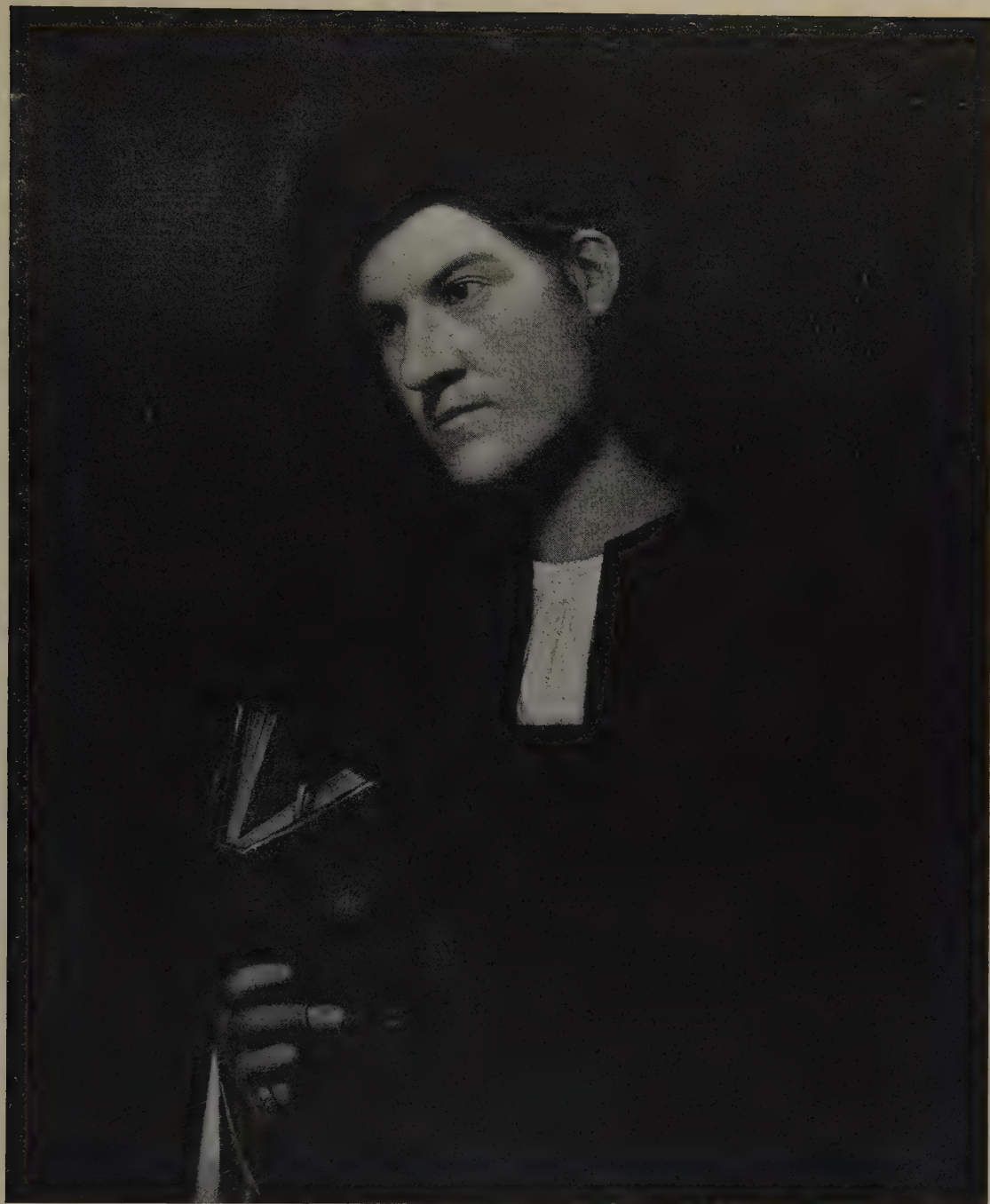


PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN
BY FRANZ HALS
(National Loan Exhibition, lent by Messrs. Duveen Bros.)



PORTRAIT OF AN OLD LADY
BY REMBRANDT

*(National Loan Exhibition, lent by
the Right Hon. Lady Wantage)*



*(National Loan Exhibition, lent by
Sir Frederick Cook, Bart.)*

PORTRAIT OF GIOVANNI ONIGO
ASCIBED TO GIORGIONE

Studio-Talk

On the Cotswolds, by Mr. Arthur J. Gaskin ; *Beauty and the Beast*, by Mr. John D. Batten ; *Mockery*, by Mr. R. Anning Bell ; *Study in Frescoe*, by Miss Mary Sargent Florence ; *A Dew Pond in Cotswold*, by Mr. Maxwell Armfield, and the designs of Sir Charles Holroyd and Mr. Sydney Lee, amongst others.

Perhaps the most interesting exhibition which the Fine Art Society has held for some time is that of the Society of Country Painters. We found plenty of fresh and characteristic effort in this exhibition, and in many cases that better side of an artist's talent which the exhibition "pitch" excludes. The following are the members of this society : Frank Bramley, A.R.A., Arnesby Brown, A.R.A., T. C. Gotch, M. Greiffenhagen, W. Ayerst Ingram, Francis James, A.R.W.S., Frank Kelsey, Moffat Lindner, Hugh L. Norris, James Paterson, R.W.S., Adrian Stokes, and H. S. Tuke, A.R.A.

Mr. W. Russell Flint, who has also exhibited at the Fine Art Society, is happier, we think, in his figure subjects than in his landscapes, the former

having a more personal character in their technique. The exhibition was a very successful representation of the artist's facility, many of the drawings being most attractive and finished in style.

A critic has taken exception to the work shown at the Old Dudley Society as amateurish. But those who produce that kind of work will exhibit somewhere, and it must be said that it is the best of this element that we get in the exhibitions of this society, which has always contained many very gifted painters. And the latter have not decreased in number under Mr. Burleigh Brühl's presidency.

EDINBURGH.—One is apt to lose sight of the fact that the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water Colours is a national body and not a West Country Institution, through its headquarters being in Glasgow and its annual exhibitions being almost exclusively held there. Occasionally, however, the society comes to Edinburgh, and after the lapse of a decade Edinburgh has again been selected as the place



"A BELGIAN PEASANT"

BY JAMES RIDDELL, R.S.W.



"MOORLAND"

BY JAMES CADENHEAD, A.R.S.A., R.S.W.

where the members make their appeal to the public. This year it was a broad-based appeal as the exhibition was made an open one, and the display of work in the first three galleries of the Royal Scottish Academy consisted of 327 drawings, of which no less than 131 were by non-members. A purely water-colour exhibition is such a rarity in Edinburgh, where space limitations are at present unfortunately rather pronounced, that the public have little opportunity of properly appraising the value of water-colour art, and thus the opportunity given by this exhibition was doubly valuable. Under Mr. E. A. Walton's supervision the heavy wall decoration of the galleries was superseded by a white scrim, to which the under colour of deep red gave a soft, warm tint that formed an admirable background, more especially for the many drawings which were mounted in white.

The collection was one of the finest the society has placed before the public. No attempt was made to widen the scope so that it might be

more than a record of contemporary work, for the few loan drawings on the walls were but notes by the way without historic importance. The brilliant style and astonishing craftsmanship of Arthur Melville were displayed in his *The Procession*, and two small drawings by Joseph Crawhall, notably the *Spangled Cock*, were instances of studied precision of touch so utilised as to convey a sense of beauty and distinction to the commonplace. Two honorary members contributed, Sir James D. Linton showing a picture of a Spanish woman burnishing armour, and Prof. von Bartels a rather too strongly coloured drawing of Dutch fisherwomen seated on the sand dunes watching for the boat that perchance may ever come to land.

The veteran President of the Society, Sir Francis Powell, showed a tenderly painted Highland landscape, and the Vice-President, Mr. W. McTaggart, three drawings not taken beyond the stage of colour notes, but impressive even at that. Three

Studio-Talk

Egyptian drawings by Mr. D. Y. Cameron, placed together, were remarkable for the purity of their colour and grave simplicity. Mr. Cameron has not shown a finer quality of work than in *Luxor*, where pillared temples, seen across the brimming river, speak of the mystic majesty of Egypt's golden past. The scope of Mr. C. H. Mackie's art was convincingly evidenced in three such divergent scenes as *A Winter Night at Rye*, *An Evening in the Royal Gardens, Venice*, and *The Shepherd*, the latter a French pastoral. The alluring influences of nature in repose were presented in these varying media with the certainty of artistic insight. The water-colour medium seems to suit Mr. E. A. Walton quite as well as the sister vehicle, and in *The Ford* he showed a welcome departure from his customary colour scheme, a suffusing sunset warmth permeating sky and landscape with beautiful purple-greys.

The largest drawing in the exhibition was Mr.

James Cadenhead's *Moorland*. It is a vindication of the capabilities of aquarelle painting to transcribe nature on a large scale. One does not feel that if the artist had chosen oil colour he would have produced anything more convincing, whether in the rendering of large masses of colour and form or in the beauty of detail. In its colour harmonies and composition and, above all, in its intimacy of feeling, it marks an attainment greater than the artist has hitherto reached. *The Grey City*, by Mr. James Paterson, is another of a now considerable series of inspiring studies of Edinburgh. Seen through a smoke-laden atmosphere Mr. Paterson's creation blends realism and romance. In his drawing, *The Discoverer of the North Pole*, Mr. William Walls has given a humorous touch to his figure of the Polar bear stalking the ice-fields; his group of camels resting has some fine passages of colour, and in *The Moor Road, Aspisdale*, we have a delicately beautiful landscape work. Mr. R. B. Nisbet's drawings, of



"AN AYRSHIRE BY-WAY"

BY TAYLOR BROWN



"DUKE STREET, KILMARNOCK"

BY ANDREW LAW

which there were several, particularly *The Snow Cloud* and an evening scene, are of fine quality, and Mr. J. H. Lorimer's *Flying Buttresses of Beauvais* is an inspiring vision of architectural loveliness.

Two of the finest winter landscapes were Mr. James Kay's *December* and Mr. Ewan Geddes' *Winter*—the former, however, obviously the work of an oil painter in its virile handling and solidity, the latter tender and delicate as the snowflakes themselves. Mr. James Riddell, in his *Belgian Peasant*, has worked with certitude and effect; his colour values and tonal quality are both good. In *Taking it Easy* Mr. Henry W. Kerr showed a delightfully humorous study of a peasant smoking and dreaming. Gem-like brilliance and purity of colour characterise the drawings of Anstruther by Mr. R. M. G. Coventry, but the artist has made no attempt to realise the "atmosphere" of this quaint old Fife fishing town. Mr. P. A. Hay's large

portrait of Mrs. Smith-Ryland is, as regards the texture of the dress, a *tour-de-force*, but the face painting is commonplace. Other pictures of note were a large marine work by Mr. C. Napier Hemy, a church interior by Mr. James G. Laing, a Highland landscape by Mr. R. W. Allan; *Bannocks and Butter*, a study of a girl in blue pinafore, by Mr. Gemmell Hutchison; Mr. A. K. Brown's dainty *Sky and Heather*; Miss Emily Paterson's boldly conceived and spiritedly painted *The Church, Montreuil-sur-Mer*, and two lovely flower studies by Miss Katherine Cameron.

A. E.

GLASGOW.—The fall of the year brings the artists back from the sketching grounds, and with their return comes a plethora of exhibitions and one-man shows to the city. There has just been held the Seventh Exhibition of the Glasgow Society of Artists; The Scottish Art Circle has courted public favour a second time; The Glasgow Society of Lady Artists has again demonstrated that all the activities of the modern woman are not in the direction of politics; and Patrick Downie has been showing, in Warneuke's Gallery, a collection of his interesting landscapes and sea pictures. The three societies named are active and aggressive. With the full, robust vigour of youth, they encourage a freedom and unconventionality denied by the older and more sedate institutions, and it is due to one, at least, that steady and remarkable progress is to be noted in the work of some of the younger men of the Glasgow School.

At the Exhibition of the Society of Artists some hundred and thirty works by members were hung by the Committee at the Fine Art Institute's galleries on a specially arranged background, and

Studio-Talk

it is well within the mark to say that this show has been the best and most representative in all the Society's series. Prominent on an end wall in one of the large rooms there was a remarkable decorative study by the President, Mr. John Hassall, R.I. The unusual colour and treatment would single it out in any exhibition; at the same time the placing of it would exercise the minds of any committee. A soft, fleshy red suffuses the whole picture, except where the brilliant and cleverly painted plumage of the king of beautiful birds introduces a note of contrast, and redeems the picture from being monochromatic. Hassall is distinctly imaginative. It is always interesting to follow his idea. The Peacock, encouraged in the conceit that it is the most beautiful of birds, renders voluntary *Homage* to the Woman, and the painter makes this act of self-abnegation the more noteworthy by draping the Woman in all simplicity, and representing the bird faultlessly in all the splendour of its glorious plumage.

Dudley Hardy, R.I., was liberal in his contribution to the show, yet not one of his efforts might be lightly passed over. *Solitude*, a masterly landscape in low tones, suffered by reason of inadequate lighting in the gallery; *Consolation*, somewhat reminiscent of Whistler's portrait of his mother, is a simple, dignified rendering in black and white of a touching subject; *Her Sanctum*, a charming colour rhythm, in which the interest centres in a pair of fleshy shoulders cleverly drawn and naturally posed. But for downright forceful painting there was nothing in the exhibition to excel *The Old Kitchen*, by the same artist. It takes an honourable place with the finest examples of the modern Dutch School. Mr. Tom Robertson, R.B.A., was well represented by *The Lonely Mill*; by characteristic seascapes with blue waters, and shadowy ships with

rare atmospheric effects; and Mr. Montague Smyth (a new member) in *Moonlight*, *A Devonshire Lane*, and *A Chinese Harbour*, showed a vigour and versatility that gives promise of added strength to the Society.

Mr Taylor Brown loves to linger over the Ayrshire landscape. His *Ayrshire By-way* is one of those typical renderings of his native country with which he has familiarised Glasgow art lovers, but his *East Lothian Hamlet*, with its rich contrasts of red and green, supplied that interest and variety sometimes lacking in the work of an artist whose habitual sketching ground is limited to one particular locality. Mr. W. A. Gibson, who is one of the most vigorous of the younger school of painters, and one of the founders of the Society, has, in his *Cartmel*, handled a familiar theme with that breadth and richness of tonal quality for which his later work has become distinguished.

In landscape Mr. Andrew Law proved more interesting than in portraiture, subject undoubtedly having much to do with this. *Duke Street, Kil-*



STUDY FOR "CONSOLATION"

BY DUDLEY HARDY, R.I.



"HOMAGE." BY JOHN HASSALL, R.I.

Studio-Talk

marnock, by this artist, was one of the centres of attraction, both for artist and layman; here a somewhat commonplace street in a commonplace town becomes charming by the inspiration of the painter. There is clever composition, well-drawn architecture, skilful light and shade effect and a breathing atmosphere. Mr. John Q. Pringle is something of an enigma. Last year he contributed a large-sized fantasy in colour; when the Society showed in London he captured the critics, and invitations from continental galleries to show his work were unheeded. This year the artist was content to show a miniature, *Ducks*, rich and luminous as an enamel, and choicely mounted, and a small water-colour sketch of rare treatment and charming colour effect. Art is an exacting mistress. She will not be satisfied with less than the whole-souled devotion of Mr. John Q. Pringle.

Stewart Orr's Arran sketches formed one of the most attractive features of the water-colour section. The brown hill, the lonely moor, the broken cloud are all portrayed by this earnest observer of nature with rare fidelity and charm. Readers of this magazine will shortly have an opportunity of seeing a reproduction in colours of one of these delightful transcriptions of Arran landscape. In Mr. Munro S. Orr's figure studies there was a quaintness and individuality familiar in many of his well-known book illustrations, *The Long Pipe* being a typical example of the artist's manner. In *The Dance* Miss Jessie M. King displayed all her wonted imagination and inimitable touch, while *The Shepherdess*, a delicately executed water-colour drawing, was charged with the genius of originality and fine feeling.

These were but a few of the more striking pictures in an exhibition of general excellence that will be an encouragement to the young society to yet greater effort.

J. T.

BERLIN.—At the Hohenzollern Kunstgewerbehaus Messrs. Friedmann and Weber arranged a charming Louis Quinze and Seize setting for the exhibition of the works of Franz von Bayros. A study of the numerous pen-drawings, water-colours

and pastels of this Munich artist (who, however, is an Austrian by birth) revealed the genuine interpreter of Rococo times. We cannot remember a second artist who is so perfectly equipped to render the seduction and flippancy, the grace, frivolity and tenderness of this period. His pen pirouettes and glides quite in the style of the *siècle charmant*. His abbés, marquises and pages seem credible enough, but woman is the star in this realm. Bayros is the adorer of Rococo chic; and it seems only natural that he should show also a fine hand in small portraits of elegant modern ladies. In them he can be very simple, although the atmosphere of the boudoir is ever present.

At the October exhibition at Schulte's, honours were divided between foreign and German Art. The Hungarian, Ludwig Mark, from Budapest, introduced himself as a portraitist of beautiful women. His colourism has profited much by Venetian classics and French modernists, but the spirit in which he loves to render national femininity is quite Hungarian. We felt fascinated by charms of tonalities, whilst mien and pose struck one as intrusive. His inventiveness and originality of *motif* and his colour sense are stronger than his pictorial



"IN THE PARK"

BY FRANZ VON BAYROS



"DONNA ROMANA"
BY FRANZ LIPPISCH



"ON THE RHINE"

BY WILHELM SCHREUER

craftsmanship. In the Aman-Jean collection, a firmly established reputation was jeopardised by the weakness of colour and line which it demonstrated. We seemed to inhale enervating perfumes from groups and single figures of sickly women without a drop of healthy blood in their drooping limbs. An earlier period of French Art had a vigorous representative in J. F. Millet, whose series of clear and expressive drawings of rural scenes, landscapes and portraits spoke of the realist's unflinching veracity and of the idealist's love for the grandeur of the antique canon.

Several of the contributions by modern German artists proved a source of real enjoyment. Franz Lippisch, the Berlin painter, has matured his talent by careful study, and some of his paintings evoke the name of Böcklin. Deep colour harmonies, beautiful women in classical garments and with emotional souls, back-

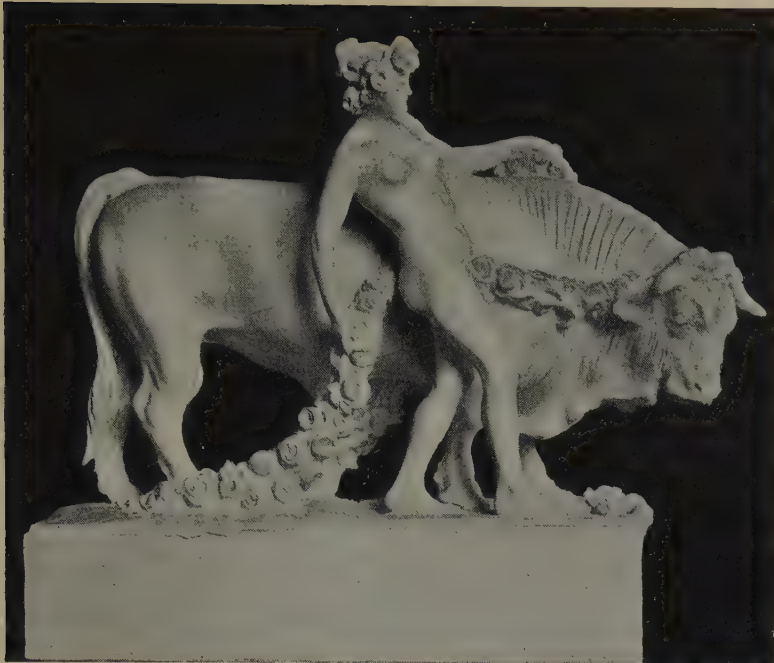
grounds of Italian skies and groves induce the mood of the elegy, a form of music particularly soothing in these days of unrest. Some well-known Düsseldorf painters formed the "Künstler-Vereinigung, 1899," and these sympathetic realists sent some fine works. Nature is their source of inspiration, and they owe much to Dutch models and to modern improvements. We found honesty and delicacy in landscapes of Eugen Kampf, Hüntten, Lasch, and Sohn-Rethel, as well as in the subject pictures of Claus Meyer, Kohlschein, Heimig, and Josse Gossens. The

Munich secessionist, Fritz Osswald, paints landscape, especially winter scenes and flowers, with love and accuracy. His summary methods do not conflict with delicate *motifs*. The groups of the sculptor Ernst Müller-Braunschweig, impressed one by their charm of line and tenderness of feeling, and his portraiture by vividness, and Leo



"A TRIO"

BY WILHELM SCHREUER



"EUROPA"

(See Vienna Studio-Talk)

BY MICHEL MÖRTL

Ziemssen's talent was favourably introduced by divers busts and plaquettes.

At Schulte's art gallery we have at last been enabled to form a final opinion on the talent of Wilhelm Schreuer, the Düsseldorf painter whose occasional pictures here have always attracted attention. He is a queer reviver of the Dutch classics of the interior, but though not as rich as they in his palette, he is by his very monotonies of brown or grey or black and white and by very economical colour-touches delicately dealt out over them, quite surprising and delightful. He is also wider in his range of subject, as scenes from war time as well as from modern society life form his particular delight. He often indulges in the historical costume, preferring that of Frederician times. His frames are generally modest, and however numerous his figures are he knows very cleverly how to place them, and catches actuality convincingly in their movements. It is said that his eye and hand are so sure, that he paints his pictures straight from memory and then wipes out the passages not wanted. Schreuer does not belong to our great ones, as the style of the illustrator hovers round his work, but in his individual character he is one of our most original artists.

At Fritz Gurlitt's, all the friends of Heimatkunst (home-art) were glad to greet Hans am Ende, one of the staunchest and finest Worpswede

masters. He reappeared with some moorland pictures, in which his sappy and poetic art has convincingly mirrored the grandeur of plain, the dreamy mood of the harbour, the joyousness of cornfields and autumnal witchery of beeches.

A select quantity of Belgian pictures has been on view in Casper's Salon. Pictures of rather small dimensions, distinguished by refined colourism, show well in these rooms, where tradition and modernism are alike valued as



"THE PRINCESS'S ELEPHANT" BY MICHEL MÖRTL



"A PAIR OF MONKEYS" BY MICHEL MÖRTL
(See Vienna Studio-Talk)

long as they produce good art. A speciality is made here of the introduction of promising talent, which has often enough realised expectations. Fernand Khnopff again fascinated by numerous works abounding in sensitiveness and mystery, while Cambrier, Bergeret, Charlet, Courtens, Gilsoul, Marcette and Mathieu render reality with dignity and truthfulness. J. J.

PARIS. — This year's Salon d'Automne, like those which preceded it, offered us many and diverse kinds of art. First of all, one found here work of the most advanced order, and—may we venture on the word?—also the maddest productions of those artists who

are usually represented at the "Indépendants." I am totally unable to see what is to be the future of this side of the society, and what can possibly be the outcome of these really absurd attempts—frequently nothing more than pretentious daubs. There were, however, at the Salon numbers of works by really serious artists who know their craft thoroughly but who are nevertheless striving ever without cessation to do still better things. Among these, for example, we found M. Desvallières, who paints with such feeling both still life and portraits; Abel Truchet, a *plein airiste*, who does charming luminous pictures; Morerod, who exhibited some capital drawings of Spanish types; Stettler, with a very beautiful picture, *Les communicantes*; Ouvré, whose figures are curious and bizarre; Perrichon, who excels in drawings in sanguine; Csok, who has the finished touch of the Old Masters; Taquoy, who merits a place with his excellent landscapes; Simon Bussy, who showed some harmonious decorative paintings; Altmann, whose landscapes one always enjoys seeing; Madeline, an equally delightful landscapist; and among the foreigners Schultzberg, a bold and powerful colourist.

Some of the other exhibitors at this Salon appeared to me to have come there rather by chance, for they remain at the same time faithful to other societies—though this in my eyes does not detract a jot from their merit. It was with much pleasure that I paused in front of the poetic landscapes of



FOUNTAIN IN GLAZED CRYSTAL

BY MICHEL MÖRTL

Studio-Talk



HEAD OF MME. DELUNE BY ROSA SILBERER
(See Vienna Studio-Talk)

tions are always among the chief attractions at the Salon d'Automne, which has already shown us most interesting *ensembles* of the work of Ingres, Manet, Courbet, Greco, Monticelli and Cézanne. One room was devoted to the works of Corot as a *figure painter*. Several of these struck me as being of secondary importance, but on the other hand one was pleased to see certain portraits of Italians, of a man in armour, Breton women spinning, and in particular the *Bain de Diane*, though this last is really a landscape, the figures being quite of minor importance.

A few months ago there died a Dutch artist whose talented work was but little known to the public at large; Ten Cate. The Salon d'Automne did very well in giving up to his pictures a small room, which formed one of the most delightful features of the Exhibition. Fifty works—paintings, water-colours and drawings—revealed to us a charming artist imbued with the picturesqueness and luminosity of his country. Ten Cate was really but a pupil of Jongkind. Less powerful

Eugène Chigot, which are truly of exquisite harmony; the restrained portrait by Mme. Galtier-Boissière, and the portrait of an Amazon by Mr. Lavery, whose work is always so distinguished and so unfaltering; and I enjoyed the very poetic flower paintings of Mme. Lisbeth D. Carrière, the strong and simple landscapes of Morrice, the decorative panel by Mme. Crespel, and the sunlit figures of Mme. Gonyon de Lurieux. Three artists whose works were grouped together in the one room seemed to me to be carrying on the traditions of Sisley; these are MM. Maufra, Loiseau and Moret, whose productions deserve a very close study.



"THE KARAWANKEN MOUNTAINS"

BY VIKTOR MYTTEIS

The retrospective sec-



"HORSE'S HEAD" (COLOURED DRAWING) BY ALFONS PURTSCHER

than his master he deserves nevertheless a place of honour among the landscapists of the nineteenth century.

H. F.

VIENNA.—Some two years ago Michel Mörtl, who had been a student at the Fachschule in Villach, and later under Professor Strasser at the Kunstgewerbeschule in Vienna, exhibited a fountain destined for a garden in Klagenfurt in Carinthia, where the exhibition was held. This work, which was reproduced in *THE STUDIO* with some notes on the exhibition, won warm praise for the talented young sculptor. Since that time he has been appointed to the Fachschule at Znaim in Moravia, a school established very long ago, and which has been always devoted to teaching the art of ceramic and porcelain making. Previously Michel Mörtl had been artistic manager to Herr Förster in Vienna, where he gained that practical knowledge necessary to everyone who wishes to become a successful designer, and afterwards he started on his own account, giving up only to accept the appointment

at Znaim. In the Zoological Gardens at Schönbrunn Herr Mörtl had every opportunity of studying the habits of animals, and the various examples of his work now reproduced show that he has profited by his observations.

The work of Fräulein Rosa Silberer, the talented young Viennese sculptor, is already well known to readers of *THE STUDIO*. The artist now resides in Paris, and her work has met with warm appreciation there, among the many commissions she has received being one from the French Government. Of late the artist has sought rest from greater efforts in the comparative calm of modelling portrait busts. The one reproduced on p. 243 will serve to show how capable she is in this direction. It is that of Madame Delune, the eminent Belgian 'cellist, whose playing has been so much admired in Paris.

The art exhibitions in Klagenfurt are, thanks to the untiring efforts of Baron F. von Helldorff,

an artist of talent though an amateur, every year becoming more widely recognised. That they have aroused much interest is proved by the fact that the State has granted a subsidy for the exhibition, and offers gold and silver medals for the artists, thus following the example of the little city herself. Plans have been drawn up for a proper art gallery, but for some time at least the exhibitions must of necessity continue to be held in the Gymnasium, which in summer is transformed into a home of art. This year the transformation was performed by Franz Baumgartner, who may be said to have solved a difficult problem fairly well, though one missed the unity of character which was such a prominent characteristic of the late architect, Winkler, who arranged the first exhibitions.

There were but few portraits, Toni Gregoritsch being perhaps the most prominent in this class of work. What strikes one in his portraits is their fidelity and naturalness. This artist was until lately an officer in the Emperor Franz Josef's army, though he has always had a strong affection

Studio-Talk

for art. His fine artistic feeling and right judgment have quickly brought him on in the path of fame, for he has already become recognised by his compeers as a sound artist, and examples of his work have appeared in *THE STUDIO*. Good work was also shown by Raoul Frank, Alexander Goltz, Frieda Brandl, Oswald Grill, Arved von Becher, K. Stoitzner and Ernst Riederer. Hugo Baar contributed some of his snow scenes, painted in that fine delicate manner of his which gives so great a charm to his pictures.

Ludwig Willroider, another painter of distinction, was represented by several of those smaller works in which he excels, but which he so rarely exhibits. He finds his motives in secluded nooks, and in depicting these he reveals a rare imaginative power.



"BEFORE THE SNOWSTORM" (TEMPERA)

BY HUGO BAAR



BOOK COVER WORKED WITH HOT TOOLS

BY EVA SPARRE

Another artist of exceptional note is Viktor Krämer, whose many sojourns in the East have helped to make him a master in the interpretation of Oriental themes. Viktor Mytteis seeks his studies in the mountains, in which he is as much at home as on the plains. He showed some good work, and proved himself an artist of merit. Gilbert von Canal, Leopold Resch and Alfred Zoff were also well represented. Alfons Purtscher, a talented pupil of Zügel, showed some excellent drawings of animals. Friedrich Gornik exhibited some of his fine bronzes, Julius Lengsfeld ivory plaquettes of high quality, Franz Schleiss and Emilie Schleiss-Simandl excellent ceramics, and Marie Bauer various objects in arts and crafts, which were of true artistic value.

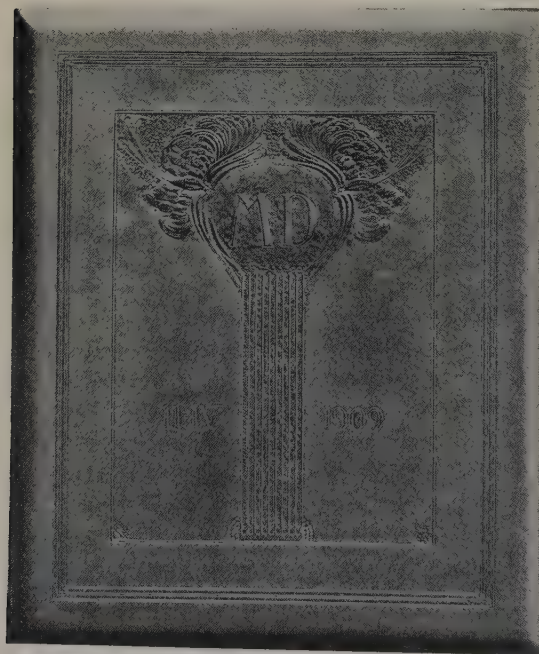
A. S. L.

STOCKHOLM. — The dark autumn days are not favourable for art exhibitions, and it is unusual for any important



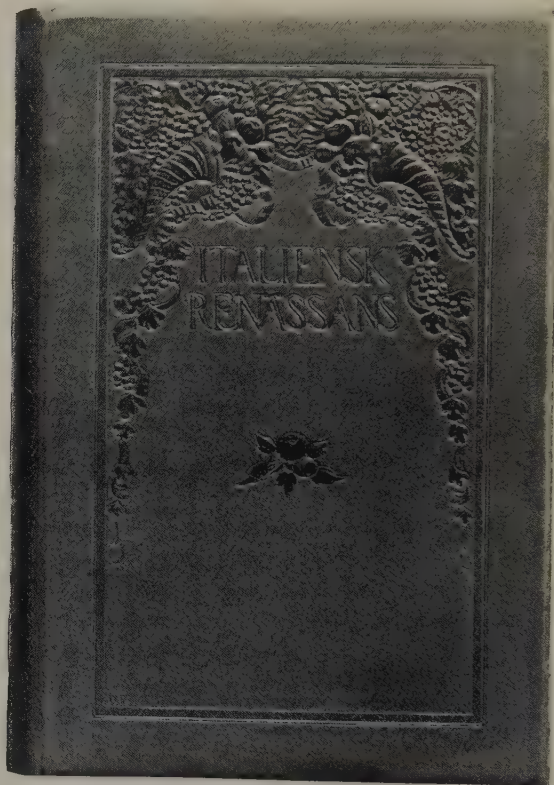
BOOK COVER IN TOOLED LEATHER. BY EVA SPARRE

shows to take place in Stockholm during the closing months of the year. This year an exception has been made by the Swedish Academy of



BOOK COVER IN TOOLED LEATHER BY EVA SPARRE

Fine Arts inviting the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers to exhibit in their galleries. The exhibition was opened on the 11th of October by the Crown Prince and Crown Princess (Princess Margaret of Connaught), who both take a deep interest in matters of art. The exhibition had a great success, a large number of the etchings being sold. The National Museum of Stockholm has used the opportunity to increase their print-collection with several fine proofs. Perhaps those that aroused most interest in Swedish art lovers were those by Sir Francis Seymour Haden, Messrs. Brangwyn, Legros and East, and the German* associate-member, Hermann Struck.



BOOK COVER IN TOOLED LEATHER BY EVA SPARRE

Frank Brangwyn is one of the few modern etchers who have found their way into the hearts of the Swedish connoisseurs, and many of his best etchings have been added to their collections. Among the comparatively few foreign members of this society are three Swedish artists, A. H. Haig (Hägg), Hjalmar Molin and Axel Tallberg, all three of whom took part in the exhibition. T. L.

The bindings by Countess Sparre here illustrated were on view at the recent exhibition of

Studio-Talk

Applied Art, but did not receive the prominence they merited, being crowded amongst a large collection of trade bindings. The Countess, whose husband, Count Louis Sparre, is well known to readers of *THE STUDIO* as an artist of much individuality, is herself a gifted woman, and her work, as exemplified by these bindings, will, we are sure, meet with wide appreciation on account of the fine decorative feeling which it reveals. In three of these bindings the ground colour is yellow, the other ("Herr Arnes Penningar") being worked on a dark green ground with a little gold and red by way of relief. The cover of de Musset's book is worked with hot tools, and the decoration is carried out in green, yellow, pink, brown and black, judiciously distributed. Various subdued colours are also effectively employed for the "Italiensk Renassans," while in the address-book cover the dark yellow ground is pleasantly relieved by red and green.

COPENHAGEN. — The name of Mr. Carl Brummer, the Danish architect, is not unknown to the readers of this journal, inasmuch as *THE STUDIO* a year or two ago contained some reproductions of "Ellestnen," a charming and original house, one of

the architect's earliest efforts, which attracted a most flattering attention on both sides of the Atlantic. "Ellestnen" was partly designed after certain old northern *motifs*, ably adapted and handled, thus illustrating one side of Brummer's artistic *naturel*. He believes in the continuity of art, in evolving, to some extent at least, the new from out of the past, sifting and choosing or rejecting style and *motif*, at times, however, almost completely discarding tradition, though more often than not, I think, adapting and shaping it in conformity with his own artistic individuality, at the same time carefully considering the personal tastes and requirements of the future occupants. Brummer unquestionably is a domestic architect of rare ability, and the illustrations published to-day will bear out what I have said with reference both to his exceptional gift of thoroughly entering into a given style and the personal originality with which he endows other specimens of his work. The house of Dr. Ernst Möller, the advocate, may be taken as a good example of the latter category. It is really a most excellent house, with exceptionally well-balanced and harmonious contours which betray the architect's fondness for good sweeping curves, with the red-tiled roof, the red brick walls (of a happily chosen mellow colour and



DR. E. MÖLLER'S HOUSE IN COPENHAGEN

CARL BRUMMER, ARCHITECT



MR. OVIST PETERSEN'S VILLA IN COPENHAGEN
CARL BRUMMER, ARCHITECT

Art School Notes

good surface), and the brownish-red windows, as restful in colour as in line. The interior is likewise skilfully planned, each room having its distinct stamp and its distinct charm. There is something trusty and self-contained about this house; one feels as if it must be destined to form a family's happy, treasured home for generations. The other house illustrated, that of Mr. Ovist-Petersen, is a good-sized town residence, certain portions of which are relieved by touches of an old-time picturesqueness, as seen in the picture of the porch.

G. B.

ART SCHOOL NOTES.

LONDON.—Mr. George Clausen, R.A., Mr. P. Wilson Steer, Mr. R. Anning Bell, R.W.S., Miss May Morris, Mr. David McGill, and Mr. Herbert Dicksee, were the adjudicators in the sketching club competitions held last month by the past and present students of the Royal College of Art. The task of the judges was no light one, for the display of competing works was unusually large. It was, in fact, much too large, and it would be to the interest of the students if on future occasions their exhibitions were pruned to more manageable limits. Last month's show was so overpowering in extent that it would have been impossible for the most conscientious of critics properly to examine it in detail and to pick out the many creditable works it contained in addition to those that were awarded prizes. The prize list, by the way, was this year unusually lengthy, and included no fewer than twenty-five gifts of money from the professors past and present, and others who are interested in the progress and well-being of the College.

Some capital work was shown in the competition for the prizes offered by the Principal (to present students only) for the best set of sketches in colour. The vast majority of the works submitted for these prizes were landscapes, and by landscape painters all the awards were gained. The first prize was taken by Mr. J. B. Godson for some clever sketches in oil of coast scenery; the second for some pastorals, also in oil, by Mr. Rowland Gill; the third by Mr. H. R. Wilkinson; and the fourth by Mr. B. Wright. Perhaps the best of the figure sketches sent in for the Principal's prizes were those by Mr. George H. Day and Mr. Percy H. Jowett. The prizes offered by Mr. Bradley Martin for the best painting for the "Gilbert-Garret" subject "Labour" were taken by Mr. A.

Cooper with a good study in oils of the building of a house, something in the Brangwyn manner, and by Mr. J. Kershaw with an attractive water-colour of men working on a London river-side road. A third commendable study was Mr. Day's painting of harvesters.

Another good competition was that for the Haywood prize given for the best painting of a full-length figure executed out-of-doors. It was gained by Mr. Oliver Senior, with a painting of a girl in a garden that was certainly the best of its class. The Constable Alston and Woolway prizes offered for "the best sketches in which cloud-forms play an important part," went to Mr. E. A. Waite and Mr. B. Wright; but in this particular competition the College of Art students did not show to advantage. The two prizes given by Mr. Frank Short, A.R.A., and Miss Pott, were gained by Mr. S. Anderson (with an etching of an old bookshop that would have made a delightful subject for Whistler) and by Miss Hughes; the Armstrong prize by Miss Pritchard; and the Fitzroy prize for the best study of architecture in combination with landscape by Mr. W. O. Miller. The Club prize in Section B for a set of sketches in colour was given to Mr. H. Parr for a group of water-colours. This was a capital competition, and brought forth good work also from Mr. A. Bentley, Mrs. Senior, Mr. Arthur Kidd, Miss Billing, and others. The Club prize for an interior in colour was awarded to Mr. W. O. Miller for an accurate and careful, if somewhat lifeless, study of a church; and the two Club prizes for landscape (Section A.) to Mr. B. Wright and Miss E. Waring.

In modelling the principal competition was for the prizes offered jointly by Major the Hon. E. St. Aubyn, Professor Lanteri, and Mr. B. Clemens, for the best group illustrating the "Gilbert-Garret" subject, "Samson and Delilah." The first prize was gained by Mr. C. Vyse, and the second by Mr. G. Ledward, who also took the prizes for modelling given by the Club, and by Mr. Alfred Drury, A.R.A. Other prize-winners in the Royal College of Art competitions included Mr. W. Ashworth, Mr. R. O. Pearson, Miss Martin, Mr. T. H. Hughes, Mr. F. W. Hounsell, Miss J. M. Lawson, and Mr. Langford Jones.

At Heatherley's, the Sketching Club exhibition showed a remarkable advance upon the standard of last year. Mr. S. W. Stanley, who shared the figure prize with Miss Phyllis Campbell, contributed

Reviews and Notices

a striking drawing of men at work at night near a gasworks, curiously effective in its light and shade. Miss Campbell's composition, in tinted pen-and-ink, which deservedly attracted great attention, represented two maiden ladies of the early Victorian or perhaps late Georgian period, at work on a large patchwork quilt. It was clever caricature, full of humour in every line, and remarkable as the work of a very young artist. Miss Campbell also exhibited a good poster, in red and white, of a pierrot and a dwarf. More mature in its knowledge was Mr. S. W. Stanley's "Pageant" poster, with spectators sitting in shadow in a balcony watching the knights and men-at-arms beneath, passing through the courtyard of a castle at night. Other interesting posters were by Mr. Fred Holmes, Mr. J. Brown, and by Mr. Gerald Peacock, who also showed a vigorously handled landscape,—a river bank with trees, broad and simple in treatment—which gained the Sketching Club prize. The figure designs by Mr. P. B. Mimms, Mr. J. Brake Baldwin, and Mr. Heathcote, also deserved commendation. The exhibition was probably the best of its kind that has been seen at the well-known school in Newman Street.

The Sketching Club at the South-Western Polytechnic Institute, Manresa Road, Chelsea, may also be congratulated upon the good show seen at its autumn exhibition. The first club prize for figure was awarded to Mrs. McKillip, for a realistic painting in oil of a woman scrubbing a floor; and the second to Mr. Field for a drawing, in black-and-white, illustrating "The Song of the Sword," and displaying imaginative qualities of a somewhat uncommon nature. The landscape by Miss Reeves that gained the first prize in its section was a coast scene in water-colour, slight and delicate in execution, but wonderfully complete within its own limits. Miss Brown's prize composition in the modelling section was slight, also in the sense that it was literally a sketch, but it was suggestive and vigorous. In the design section four prizes were offered for posters—two for advanced and two for elementary students. Mr. North and Mr. Butcher won the advanced prizes, and Miss Brown and Mr. E. Merryweather those in the elementary group. Mr. Merryweather is one of Mr. Borough Johnson's youngest students, and his poster, for a boy of fourteen, was exceptionally good. The prize for animal painting was won by Miss Brodie; and the prizes for the best set of landscape studies by Miss Reeves (first), Mrs. McKillip and Miss Branston (second—equal),

Miss Mason (third), and by Miss Lucas, to whom the elementary prize was given. One of the best studies in this section was a sketch of sands and sea in oil by Miss Branston. W. T. W.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

The New New York. A Commentary on the Place and the People. By JOHN C. VAN DYKE. Illustrated by JOSEPH PENNELL. (New York and London: Macmillan.) 17s. net.—The letterpress of this fascinating volume presents a union of what at first sight would appear to be quite heterogeneous qualities. It is a perfect storehouse of facts, a true encyclopædia of knowledge about the new unbelievable city; yet it is written in as free and captivating a style as any exciting novel. The author is most intimately acquainted with all phases and details of his subject, like one who has grown up with it; yet, in approaching it, he preserves the freshness and vividness of impression of a highly cultured traveller who acquaints us with the sensations that he experiences at the first sight of some new country. His point of view is an altogether optimistic one; and he believes, with regard to New York, that what is, is right. Never has a city had a more enthusiastic biographer than this, and never has an author found a more befitting artist to complement his own efforts, than this author has found in Mr. Pennell. Mr. Pennell is not a New Yorker, nor has he ever lived for any long period in "Gotham." But with him it is a case of love at first sight; the city appeals to him like the realization of one's ideal, and he grasped it at once. He has contributed twenty-five coloured and ninety-eight black-and-white drawings to the book. The latter, mostly pencil and crayon drawings, may perhaps lack the finality of Mr. Pennell's wonderful etchings of New York, yet the same admirable powers of draughtsmanship and the same rare gift of selecting just the right point of view for each picture, appear clearly in these illustrations, as we have met with them in other works by the same artist. The colour work is quite a new departure for him. Piquant touches of gay colour here and there enliven twenty-five of the designs, and the colour itself is treated in the same sagacious way as line has been treated—it does not describe or define, it merely offers hints or suggestions to the imagination of the beholder.

Giovanni Boccaccio. By EDWARD HUTTON. (London: John Lane.) 10s. 6d. net.—The weakest in character but at the same time the most

Reviews and Notices

thoroughly human of the remarkable triad of poets who in the early fourteenth century heralded the dawn of the Italian Renaissance, Giovanni Boccaccio, with his passionate nature and full and eager participation in all the joys of life, makes perhaps a stronger appeal to the sympathies than do his greater contemporaries Dante and Petrarch. He is famous throughout the civilised world as the worshipper of the fair but frail Fiametta, and as the author of the wonderful series of tales known as the "Decameron." Yet, although the life stories of the lovers of Beatrice and Laura have been told again and again, and the characters of their heroines considered from every conceivable point of view, English publications concerning Boccaccio are few and fragmentary, the only serious study of him as man and author being that published in 1895 by J. A. Symonds, who was the first English writer to make a successful attempt to realise his personality. This strange gap in the literature of the Renaissance is, however, now well filled by a scholarly and exhaustive work from the pen of the indefatigable Mr. Edward Hutton, who in a copiously illustrated volume embodies the researches of his many Italian predecessors. As a matter of course the most fascinating chapters are those concerning the courtship and winning of Fiametta which, alas! throw a lurid light on the lax morality of the day; but the account of the relations between Boccaccio and Petrarch, revealing as it does the noble nature of the latter, is of enthralling interest. Scholars will also find the essays on the literary works of Boccaccio full of suggestion, and the appendices, that include a synopsis of the "Decameron," will be most useful to future students.

English Costume. By GEORGE CLINCH, F.S.A. Scot. (London: Methuen.) 7s. 6d. net.—*Die Mode: Menschen und Moden im Achtzehnten Jahrhundert.* Text von MAX VON BOEHN. (Munich: Bruckmann & Co.) 8 mks. and 9 mks. 50.—*Modes and Manners of the Nineteenth Century.* Translated by M. EDWARDES. Introduction by GRACE RHYS. (London: J. M. Dent & Co.) 3 Vols. 25s. net.—The almost simultaneous appearance of these three works on costume seems to point to an increased interest in the subject, the literature of which is already pretty extensive, and we must suppose that the revival of pageantry has had not a little to do with it. It is hardly likely, however, that the history of dress will attract the attention of many outside those who make it an object of study for particular purposes, such as the figure painter, or the designer of theatrical and fancy dress costumes.

For these, the works before us in their respective ranges, provide plenty of material. Mr. Clinch's book does not profess to be more than a general survey of English costume from the earliest times to the end of the eighteenth century, but it is well written and has special chapters on military, legal, ecclesiastical and royal robes which give it additional value, while the illustrations have been selected with judgment. The other two works deal with special periods, and consequently are fuller in detail. The authors are apparently the same in both cases, although their names do not appear in Messrs. Dent's publication. And in both the illustrations are very numerous, especially of course in the three-volume work relating to the nineteenth century, and coloured plates are a prominent feature of the one as of the other. It seems scarcely conceivable that the grotesque *modes* which are here resurrected, with many others which are fascinating in their gracefulness, should ever have been tolerated by rational beings, but if the old saying, *de gustibus non est disputandum*, applies to anything, we suppose it is doubly applicable to fashions in dress.

Hogarth's London. By HENRY B. WHEATLEY, F.S.A. (London: Constable & Co.) 21s. net.—Mr. Austin Dobson's excellent work upon Hogarth has left little to be said about the life and work of this great painter-satirist, but Mr. Wheatley, by approaching the subject from a quite different standpoint, has ably supplemented the literature already in existence. His aim has been to give us word-pictures of the customs, the manners, and the morals of the times which the painter in so masterly a manner depicted upon canvas, and his interesting chapters are full of anecdotes of famous people of the day with whom, either directly or indirectly, Hogarth came in contact. He succeeds in giving us a vivid picture of a period which must certainly rank as one of the most interesting in the history of London, and he sheds an interesting sidelight upon Hogarth's immediate circle, and also the society of that day. The book contains numerous reproductions of Hogarth's paintings and engravings, and forms a valuable and interesting survey of London life in the eighteenth century.

G. B. Tiepolo. By POMPEO MOLMENTI (Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.) 45 lire.—It is much to be regretted that the work of Giovanni Battista Tiepolo should be so little known in England, where the gifted and versatile Venetian master is represented chiefly by four clever sketches in the National Gallery, and the more important composition, the *Education of the Infante of Spain*, in the Bischoffs-

Reviews and Notices

heim Collection. He was from the first greatly appreciated in his native country, receiving commission after commission from important patrons, and his frescoes are widely distributed in Italian churches. Signor Molmenti contrasts him with his famous predecessor Carpaccio, declaring that he stands for the sunset as the latter does for the dawn of Venetian art. He looks upon the one as the antithesis of the other, for the work of Carpaccio is severe and archaic, yet full of a certain dignified repose, whilst that of Tiepolo, who delights in contorted and audacious attitudes, seems literally to palpitate with life. The critic dwells on his extraordinary fertility of imagination, rapidity of execution, and the courage with which he conquered technical difficulties, claiming that though he no doubt belonged to the decadence, his brilliant achievements shed a fresh lustre on the city of his birth that remained magnificent even in her decay. As in the companion volume on Carpaccio, every conceivable source of information has been turned to account by Signor Molmenti, who has included amongst his carefully selected illustrations, examples of the work of some of Tiepolo's predecessors and successors that will be found useful for comparison.

Tanglewood Tales. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Illustrated by WILLY POGANY. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.) 6s. net.—This children's classic comes to us in this edition beautifully illustrated—that is, as regards the line decoration, which so very well incorporates itself with the character of the printing and spacing of the letter-press. Mr. Willy Pogany has done what few artists seem to have the gift of doing now-a-days; namely, illustrate a book with drawings which in their character show themselves to spring from the inspiration of the stories which they have in hand. There is originality in Mr. Pogany's drawings and considerable grace of line, also an appreciation of the tradition of the Greeks in their own interpretation of their myths. When we come to the colour illustrations—fortunately only two—we come to a part of the book which we regard indifferently. They fail to retain the Hellenic feeling which the other pictures have. A child will, of course, turn first and with most delight to the coloured pictures. We regret, then, that responsibility for their truth to Greek character has not been assumed.

The Rubáiyat of Omar Khayyám. Presented by WILLY POGANY. (London: George Harrap & Co.) 10s. 6d. net.—This book, illustrated by Mr. Willy Pogany, does not give so much pleasure as "The Tanglewood Tales." In the first place,

to give English words in a lettering which is made to imitate the character of Persian script is, artistically speaking, a somewhat clumsy attempt to sustain the Oriental character, and we scarcely think the readers will thank the publishers for making the verses so difficult to read. The illustrations seem the result of some study of the East, but they are not Eastern in feeling. In regard to this, we do not plead for local truths, but for an imaginative interpretation. There is much realism in these illustrations that quarrels with the purely decorative style of the book, and more especially with the abstract kind of thought to be expressed.

The Rubáiyat of Omar Khayyám. Translated by EDWARD FITZGERALD. Edited, with introduction and notes, by REYNOLD ALLEYNE NICHOLSON, Litt. D. (London: Adam and Charles Black.) 7s. 6d. net.—Mr. James is more successful than Mr. Pogany, but even his designs lose greatly in sympathy through the fact that there is nothing whatever in these colour schemes to help carry out what is achieved so well in the line, the illusion of Eastern setting. It is easy to make the right selection of types, at least with an artist so gifted as Mr. James, but it is not easy, we admit, to arrange that the colour scheme of an Oriental picture shall, in printing, be something different from what it would be if its subject were a London street. But decorative restraint might step in here and save the situation. Is this realism of colour necessary which publishers encourage?—a realism which Mr. James rejects in the line work of every one of the contours of his beautiful designs.

Grimm's Fairy Tales. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM. (London: Constable & Co.) 15s. net.—Mr. Rackham's genius is at its best in subjects that are weird and imaginative, and in this work he has had a wide scope for his talents. But Mr. Rackham's work is not always weird, for, when occasion demands, his drawings are full of quiet beauty and graceful composition. His consummate draughtsmanship is always evident, and particularly so in his illustrations to "Grimm." These wonderful stories have never been so worthily illustrated as in this volume. The book is, however, too bulky and unwieldy. Thinner paper, smaller type, and the absence of the cardboard upon which the plates have been mounted, would have greatly improved its appearance, and rendered it more handy in use and more convenient to the reader.

Undine. Adapted by W. L. COURTNEY. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM. (London: Heinemann.)

Reviews and Notices

mann.) 7s. 6d. net.—Mr. Rackham's conception of Undine is most admirable, and his drawing of this figure unvarying in its charm. There is an amount of knowledge packed into these drawings of the figure, too, which must please the most academic. But it is Mr. Rackham's singular gift to infuse this scholarship with caprice, and also with emotion. The front cover of this book is very beautiful, and the get-up throughout will commend itself to every reader.

The Rainbow Book. By MRS. M. H. SPIELMANN. (London: Chatto & Windus.) 5s. net.—These "Tales of Fun and Fancy," charmingly written for the delectation of juveniles by a lady who has a keen sense of humour, are illustrated by pen-and-ink sketches at intervals, after the fashion of magazine stories, and in the same style. The coloured frontispiece is by Mr. Arthur Rackham, while numerous sketches are contributed by other well-known illustrators, such as Hugh Thomson, Bernard Partridge, Lewis Baumer, H. Rowntree, C. Wilhelm—a galaxy of talent rarely found within the covers of a single book.

The Forest Lovers. By MAURICE HEWLETT. Illustrated by A. S. HARTRICK. (London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd.) 5s. net. This is a pleasantly bound book with a beautiful cover design in gold upon a serviceable green cloth. We are not quite sure whether the numerous colour pictures, inserted as they are upon brown papers, come within the unwritten rules of book making. Here they are, and can be nothing more than an accompaniment to the text in a thick volume of prose matter. As drawings in water-colour, however, they have all Mr. Hartrick's refreshing handling and naturalism. Mr. Hartrick is nothing if not a close student of nature; the value of his pictures and the charm of the pieces of landscape depend upon a lively observation. Added to this, he has of course the art of imagining vividly the scenes of a story.

The "Song of Sixpence" Picture-Book. Coloured designs by WALTER CRANE. (London: John Lane.) 4s. 6d. — "Sing a Song of Sixpence," "Princess Belle Etoile," and "An Alphabet of Old Friends"—these are the three books in this volume. No Christmas would be complete without an illustrated picture-book by Mr. Walter Crane. His books take one back to days when he and Randolph Caldecott were first in this great field of children's picture-books. In drawing Mr. Crane betrays a loss of his old cunning, but in the sphere of pure decoration some of his pages can still challenge any other illustrator of the day.

Types and Characters of London Life. Sketches by GEORGE BELCHER. (London: Offices of "The Sphere" and "Tatler.") 21s. net.—This is a collection of humorous drawings of great merit by a talented young draughtsman. The "Types and Characters" are true to life and full of vitality, and they will not fail to raise many a hearty laugh. They have been excellently reproduced, and put up in an appropriate portfolio. Much credit is due to both artist and publisher, and the collection is one which we can recommend as an eminently suitable and seasonable present.

The Cloister and the Hearth. By CHARLES READE. Illustrated by BYAM SHAW. (London: Chatto & Windus.) 12s. 6d. net.—The tradition of partly decorative pen drawing is safe in Mr. Byam Shaw's hands, whose art in this respect still has the character which illustration first assumed upon its release from the service of the wood-engraver. It is a style perhaps in closer sympathy with the arts of printing, binding, etc., than the impressionism of a later school. But colour is the problem in this volume, as it is becoming more and more clearly the problem of the modern illustrated book. In Mr. Byam Shaw's work we have some attempt to remember in this matter of colour that water-colours, admirable and beautifully effective upon a gallery wall, are not necessarily suitable for the leaves of a book to be seen at close quarters. Until this question is studied more closely the colour illustration of books is likely to remain where it is and where it has been brought by the modern illustrator, in his total disregard of the conditions under which his art is to be looked at.

The Deserted Village. By OLIVER GOLDSMITH. With Illustrations by W. LEE HANKEY. (London: Constable & Co.) 15s. net.—Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" has been for more than a century, and will always remain, one of the gems of English literature. It is by no means a long poem, and that it should monopolise a large octavo volume nearly an inch and a half thick, seems a little incongruous. The volume bulks large, however, partly because the illustrative matter is so abundant. In addition to forty coloured illustrations, Mr. Lee Hankey has contributed numerous drawings in black-and-white. The poem is rich in themes for a sympathetic artist, and so imbued is Mr. Lee Hankey's art with the homely sentiment which pervades it, that this partnership of poet and painter has turned out to be a most happy one. The artist's water-colour drawings have been reproduced exceedingly well, but without grudging them any of the praise

Reviews and Notices

which is their due, we must confess to a preference in this case for his drawings in black-and-white which, as seen here, have more of the true character of book illustrations, and show how resourceful is his line when devoted to such a purpose.

Irish Ways. By JANE BARLOW. Illustrated by WARWICK GOBLE. (London: George Allen.) 15s. net. *The Water Babies.* By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Illustrated by WARWICK GOBLE. (London: Methuen.) 15s. net.—Mr. Warwick Goble in his illustrations to “*Irish Ways*” observes some of the principles we have already touched upon, and draws very pleasantly. The colour printing in this book is admirable, either from a wise choice as to schemes of colour on the illustrator’s part or the printer’s skill. We are sure we shall be right in giving the praise to both. In “*Water Babies*” Mr. Goble has had more opportunities than in the other book. We may recall the name of Mr. Rackham, whose work we have been reviewing in another column, as an artist who has apparently reached a stage of accomplishment in which it is less easy for him to fail with an illustration than to succeed. Mr. Goble has not similarly freed his art from sense of effort, and all his illustrations do not win our admiration. But there is one vein in which he is successful beyond the majority of illustrators. We see it in the illustration to the lines *He saw the Fairies come up from below*, etc. Here in a charming drawing he seems to have apprehended the requirements for a colour page.

Legends and Stories of Italy for Children. By AMY STEEDMAN. (London and Edinburgh: T. C. & E. C. Jack.) 7s. 6d. net.—Very few people have the gift of telling stories to children in a way to excite their sympathy, but Miss Steedman, whose name is by this time a household word among our little ones, has, in telling anew these stories of old Italy, again given proof of possessing this gift. The stories themselves are so full of interest and so instructive that the volume, with its delightful illustrations in colour by Katherine Cameron, may be commended as a very suitable gift for a child.

Beautiful Children, Immortalised by the Masters. By C. HALDANE MCFALL. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.) 21s. net.—Mr. Haldane McFall always writes entertainingly, and his chapters with their quaint and sometimes rather theatrical headings are full of interest, and form certainly the best part of the book. The task of selecting the works to be reproduced as illustrations must have been an invidious one, and the choice can hardly be commended, as in several cases they do not show us

“children,” even if we waive the “beautiful.” Where there is such a wealth of material to choose from, surely pictures more appropriate to the subject might have been included. No doubt effort has been made to avoid the more hackneyed paintings, but from the works of Greuze or Vigée le Brun, to take but two names at random, something might have been selected that would be more *en rapport* with the title.

The Confessions of Saint Augustine. Translated by EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY, D.D. Edited by TEMPLE SCOTT. Introduction by ALICE MEYNELL. (London: Chatto and Windus.) Cloth, 7s. 6d. net.—Pusey’s translation from which this reprint is made was originally published seventy years ago as the first volume of the Oxford Library of the Fathers, planned by him, only the preface being omitted. It is printed in good clear type, and being tastefully bound and embellished with some dozen coloured illustrations and an illuminated title-page by Maxwell Armfield, it is sure to prove popular among the gift-books of the season.

The Arcadian Calendar for 1910. Invented by VERNON HILL. (London: John Lane.) 3s. 6d. net.—It is rather the fashion nowadays with a certain number of artists to eschew the beautiful and seek rather for the eccentric, the weird, and the terrible, and in his “*Arcadian Calendar*” Mr. Vernon Hill shows himself somewhat in sympathy with this movement. We must, however, congratulate him upon the fine decorative quality of his black chalk drawings, which are well reproduced by lithography. One of these we reproduce on the opposite page, and we shall look forward to seeing more work of this clever and original artist.

Among recent additions to Messrs. George Bell & Sons’ “*Queen’s Treasures*” Series (2s. 6d. net. per vol.) are Mrs. GASKELL’S *Cranford*, with eight coloured illustrations by M. V. WHEELHOUSE; *Little Women*, by LOUISA M. ALCOTT; and *Lob-lie-by-the-Fire, and other Stories*, by Mrs. EWING, illustrated by ALICE B. WOODWARD. These and other old-time favourites, which form this series, ought to be as popular now as they ever were, and presented as they are in attractive binding, clear type, and with coloured illustrations that give a very successful portrayal of early Victorian types, they make excellent gift-books for girls just in their teens. The same firm publish a capital edition of *Robinson Crusoe* (5s. net.), with numerous illustrations in colour and black-and-white by GERTRUDE LEESE, who has entered fully into the spirit of this prime favourite among boys.

Reviews and Notices

Messrs. F. Warne & Co.'s delightful coloured picture-books for little children are known and appreciated in every nursery, and it is hardly necessary to say that a cordial welcome awaits *The House in the Wood* (3s. 6d. net) and *Ginger and Pickles* (1s. net) which they have just added to their list. The former, which Mr. Leslie Brooke has illustrated with vivacious pictures in colour and black-and-white, consists of ten old fairy stories, selected from among those which are not very familiar to our little ones, though they are none the less entertaining. The other little book is one of Beatrix Potter's "Peter Rabbit Books" which have become so popular with children of tender years.

The choosing of suitable gifts for presentation to one's friends is often a matter of perplexity, but for those in sympathy with the work of our great painters of the present age we cannot imagine anything more appropriate than the reproductions in colour of notable pictures by the late G. F.

Watts, R.A., which Mrs. Watts is publishing and for the sale of which the Fine Art Society, of 148 New Bond Street, have been appointed sole agents. These reproductions are based upon the photogravure process, and a great amount of skill and talent has been expended upon their production, especially in regard to the application of the colours, which are the same as those employed by Mr. Watts and have been applied by those conversant with his practice. The subjects already published are *Hope*, *Endymion*, *Love and Death*, *For he had great Possessions* (a particularly fine plate), *Love Triumphant*, *Sir Galahad*, *Love and Life*, each priced at three guineas, and *Lord Alfred Tennyson*, issued at two guineas.

We have received from the Fine Arts Publishing Co., Ltd., of Charing Cross Road, London, a copy of their complete catalogue containing miniature reproductions of the prints published by them. These prints are produced by their "mezzogravure" and "mezzochrome" processes, the former being that used for producing their well-known and popular Burlington proofs, which now include just on 200 subjects, while the latter is an adaptation of the same process to colour reproduction. Works by Albert Goodwin, R.W.S., Algernon Talmage, R.P.A., J. Mac Whirter, R.A., Tom Lloyd, and other artists are among the "mezzochrome" prints catalogued at 15s. each. The prices of the mezzogravure prints range from 1s. to 10s. 6d., according to size.

The publications of the Art for Schools Association for the present year are two chromo collotype prints—one a reproduction of a portrait of *King Charles I. at his Trial*, from the original painting by Edward Bower in the possession of All Souls' College, Oxford, and the other a *Decorative Study of a Cock*, from a drawing by Edward J. Detmold, a young artist who, as most of our readers know, has displayed a remarkable genius for portraying animal life. Bower's portrait of King Charles is of unique historic interest, since it represents him at a moment when the shadow of an ignominious death was already upon him. The size of this print is $17\frac{3}{4}$ by $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and that of the other $12\frac{5}{8}$ by 18 inches, and the prices are 4s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. respectively.



ILLUSTRATION FROM "AN ARCADIAN CALENDAR" (JOHN LANE)
BY VERNON HILL

The Lay Figure

THE LAY FIGURE: ON KEEP- ING UP TO DATE.

"How unaccountable are the aberrations of the human mind!" sighed the Art Critic. "How inconsistent people are, and how little common-sense do they display!"

"What is the matter?" laughed the Man with the Red Tie. "This is an unusual frame of mind for you to be in. Has anything serious happened to give you a specially gloomy view of life?"

"It all depends upon what you count as serious," replied the Critic. "I think that the present condition of modern art is enough to put anyone who has to do with it in a gloomy frame of mind. Do you find it particularly exhilarating?"

"But what is there worse than usual in the condition of the art world?" asked the Man with the Red Tie. "Have you only just discovered that all artists are having a poor time just now?"

"Things need not be worse than usual to make one feel troubled about the prospects of modern art," returned the Critic. "Why should we accept chronic bad times as the normal state of the art of this or any other country? Why does not the modern man support modern art?"

"But, anyhow, I cannot see the connection between aberrations of the human mind and bad times for art," declared the Man with the Red Tie. "Are the artists all wandering in their minds, or is the general public incurably mad?"

"Has it never struck you as a strange thing," inquired the Critic, "that the very people who in the ordinary affairs of life pride themselves upon keeping abreast of the times and being intelligently up to date, should show in all their dealings with art an absolutely retrograde and unenterprising spirit? Would you not call behaviour of that sort inconsistent and lacking in common sense?"

"I am getting at your meaning now," admitted the Man with the Red Tie. "You think that the modern man should be modern all through, and that if he admires the latest methods in business he should also accept the latest developments in art?"

"Precisely!" said the Critic. "I say it is illogical for a man to insist upon strictly keeping touch with his own times in one direction and in another wilfully to disregard one of the most important activities in the life about him. The man who collects works of art—I do not mean pictures only, but all sorts of artistic productions—does no credit to his intelligence when he turns his back upon the artists who are his contempo-

raries and pretends that only the relics from the dark ages will satisfy his taste."

"Here, wait a minute!" broke in the Collector. "This is an attack on me! Do you mean to say that I have neither consistency, logic, nor common-sense because I do not buy stuff by every Tom, Dick, or Harry who has a studio or a workshop and turns out things for the modern market? Do I suffer from mental aberration because I prefer the work of the great masters of the past?"

"Now for some home truths!" chuckled the Man with the Red Tie. "Hit him hard."

"I say that your preference for what you call the great masters of the past is quite illogical and quite opposed to your point of view in all your other dealings with life," asserted the Critic. "I will go even further and say that your neglect of modern art is an evil thing and exercises a pernicious influence over present-day workers."

"This is too funny!" cried the Collector. "I am, it seems, the villain in the piece, and I go about blasting innocent virtue."

"Quite so," agreed the Critic. "That is exactly the effect you produce. Your mistaken worship of old things is so exaggerated that you can see nothing good in anything that is not old. Look at the work of our modern art craftsmen, is it not as good and as original as any of that which was produced centuries ago? Is it not artistically better in touch with the spirit of the moment and more rightly related to the life we lead? Why do you not buy it?"

"Because I have learned to prefer something else," returned the Collector, "and having educated my taste why should I not satisfy it?"

"I will tell you why," replied the Critic. "What you call the education of your taste I call demoralisation, and this demoralisation reacts disastrously upon the craftsmen who have a right to encouragement from you. But so great is your mental aberration that you would prefer a machine-made copy of some antique object to the best effort of a living worker. A new thing to you is, in art, a necessarily bad thing, because it is not like that survival from the past that gratifies your morbid appetite. If the collectors centuries ago had been like you, there would be to-day none of those great works by the ancient masters about which you talk so much; there would be nothing but middle-aged copies of things older still. You, as an astute business man, boast of being always up to date, and yet you try to force artists to be centuries behind the times. Shame upon you!"

THE LAY FIGURE.

Some Novel Tile Houses



HOUSE FOR MR. A. B. STEEN
SOUTH OIL CITY, PA.

SQUIRES & WYNKOOP
ARCHITECTS

chosen medium for the architect. A house that can be "flung together"—to use the language of the street—has no attraction for the architect with the true artistic conscience. The problem which has its appeal for him is the one which requires, for its successful solution, untiring study, complete accuracy of calculation, and the maximum of skill in adapting the means at hand to the end in view.

In America, with its new civilization, the ephemeral has been the rule, the

permanent the exception. In our monstrous hurry to "get things done" we do them only half way. We select the materials which can be handled most quickly. But it is beginning to be different. We are learning our lesson from Europe. Our civilization is ripening, and our ideals in music, painting,

SOME NOVEL TILE HOUSES

WITH architects it is an axiom that beauty of design and permanency of material go together. The consciousness that he is working with material that will stay for all time has a powerful effect upon the worker. The ephemeral structures of a modern exposition can never be as beautiful as enduring temples of marble and stone.

It has been said that genius is simply an infinite capacity for taking pains, and hence springs the seemingly paradoxical fact that the task which requires the greatest pains has always been and will always be the



HOUSE FOR PROF. JAMES E. LOUGH
NEW YORK UNIVERSITY CAMPUS, NEW YORK CITY

SQUIRES & WYNKOOP
ARCHITECTS

Some Novel Tile Houses



HOUSE FOR J. WILLIAM CLARK
BRANCH BROOK PARK, NEWARK, N. J.

SQUIRES & WYNKOOP
ARCHITECTS

their very lack of solidity has allowed the eccentricities of owners to mar the architects' designs, even after the completion of the plans.

Permanent materials, long established in European countries, are being demanded now by American home builders. It may be true that the growing expense of lumber has quite as much to do with this as the growth in artistic consciousness. However that may be, the fact is cause for congratulation. With the approaching abandonment of wood the

architecture are approaching slowly but surely to the level of those of the Old World.

Hundreds of our public buildings have been constructed along European lines—structures of combined solidity and grace. It is in home building that the flagrant violations of the canons of good taste have been most common. The bizarre ideas of the new-rich—original, if you will, but untamed by the slightest influence of tradition or education—have often stamped themselves upon structures which should have been the most beautiful in the land. The nature of the materials used has undoubtedly been partly responsible for this, because

two materials which loom strong are concrete and terra cotta.

Terra cotta, a well-known material, with the tests of centuries to its credit, has been adapted



Courtesy of American Architect

HOUSE FOR MR. HENRY J. KEISER
SEA GATE, N. Y.

SQUIRES & WYNKOOP
ARCHITECTS

Residence of Mr. Walter R. Hine



HOUSE FOR MR. F. M. HOFFSTOTT
SANDS POINT, L. I.

FOSTER, GADE & GRAHAM
ARCHITECTS

successfully to residence construction and has established itself firmly.

One of the terra-cotta homes most recently completed is that of Frank M. Hoffstott, at Sands Point, Long Island. It is situated on a cliff, overlooking the waters of the Sound. Walls, floors and partitions are made of hollow terra-cotta blocks. In the floors the blocks are laid flat, between concrete beams. In the walls they are laid end on end, with the hollow spaces running vertically. The outside walls are built of two rows of six-inch blocks, making the total thickness twelve inches. The cost of Mr. Hoffstott's home was about \$100,000. The architects were Foster, Gade & Graham.

At Mountain Station, Orange, N. J., there is a collection of terra-cotta houses, known in the neighborhood as the "fireproof village."

An example of a city home of terra cotta is that of Prof. James E. Lough, of New York University. This was the first terra-cotta house put up in New York City.

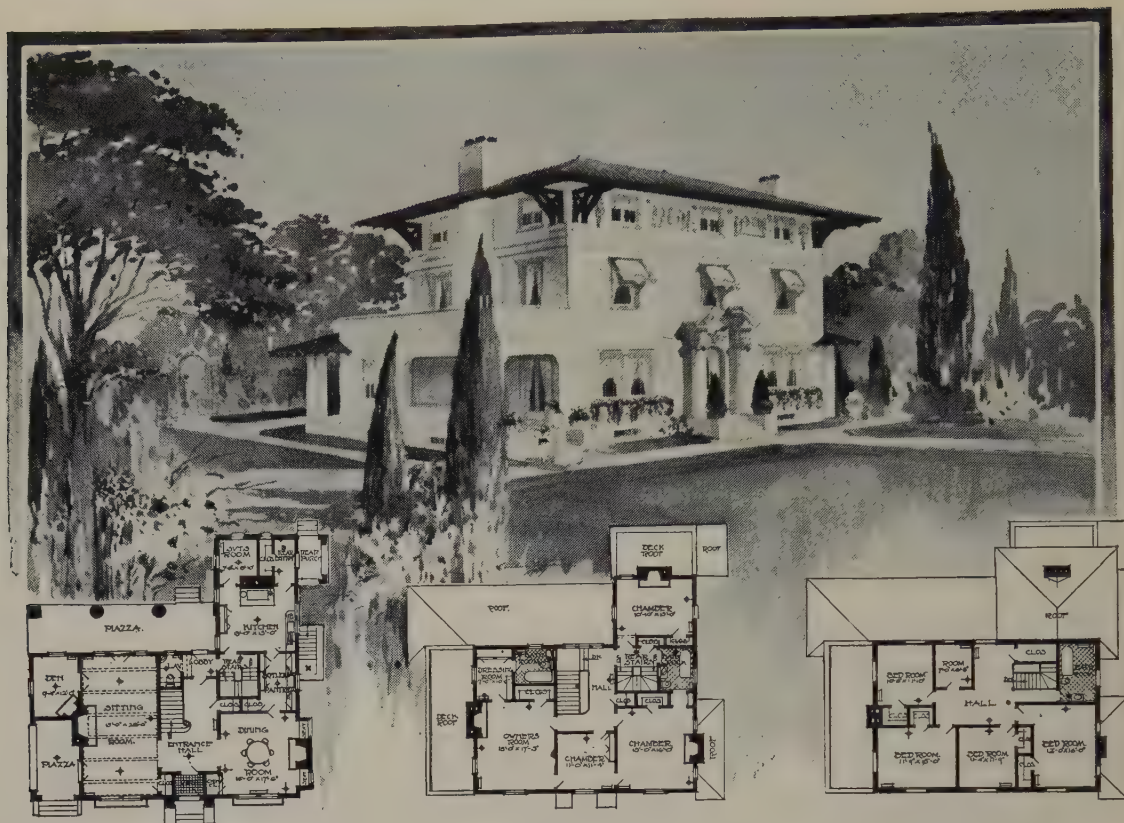
The use of terra cotta started in the largest buildings and its next use was in small country houses. It has now started to invade the territory lying between—the small public building—which is probably its best field. The country church, the town hall, the bank, the hotel and the theater are buildings where permanency is particularly desirable. The borough hall of Roselle, N. J., excepting an exterior of brick, is of terra cotta and concrete.

Terra cotta has had and will further continue to have a powerful influence for beauty in American buildings through its permanent qualities, and it should receive a warm welcome.

RESIDENCE OF MR. WALTER R. HINE, AT BRANTWOOD, SHORT HILLS, N. J.

IN DESIGNING the house for Mr. Hine, at Brantwood, it was the aim of the architects to keep away from the conventional Colonial or English country house, and to design a country residence in a thoroughly modern spirit. For their inspiration they used the type of small villa erected in the vicinity of Rome, Florence, Barcelona, and some few in the suburbs of Paris, such as Sèvres, Marley and Neuilly. It was the desire not only to design the residence in a modern spirit but to keep away from the conventional attic story, which is generally very badly cut up with dormer windows, making not only a wasteful utility of floor area in the third story but demanding an expensive roof construction, full of angles and valleys which cause leaks and forever require attention. In the residence of Mr. Hine the third story is equally as good as the first or second story. The rooms are not cut up by dormers, and there is sufficient air space over the third story to insure insulation against cold or heat. The exterior is designed for a soft, buff-white, rough stucco. Under the overhang of the wide projecting roof it is the intention to introduce fragments of architectural sculpture in relief, perhaps introducing some delicate tints into the relief, recalling the scrafito, of Italy. There is no reason why in our climate, which is very similar to that of central Spain or some of the northern towns of Italy, this style of architecture should not be entirely in character. Sorrolla, the

Residence of Mr. Walter R. Hine



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

ATTIC FLOOR PLAN.

SCALE 1/8"=1 FT.

RESIDENCE AT-
BRANTWOOD SHORT HILLS NJ
FOR MR. WALTER R. HINE

great Spanish artist, on his recent visit to America, was quoted as saying "that our sky and atmosphere were even more brilliant than that of Spain."

The interior floor arrangement is interesting and utilizes to the very best advantage the available space. The owner is given an unusually large bedroom on the second floor, with two closets, private dressing room and bath; opening off this room is a small bedroom which could be used as a sitting room, a maid's room, or an infant's room; communicating with this room is another large bedroom, which also has direct access to a bath. The closet space is liberal throughout, a feature which is essential in present-day residences.

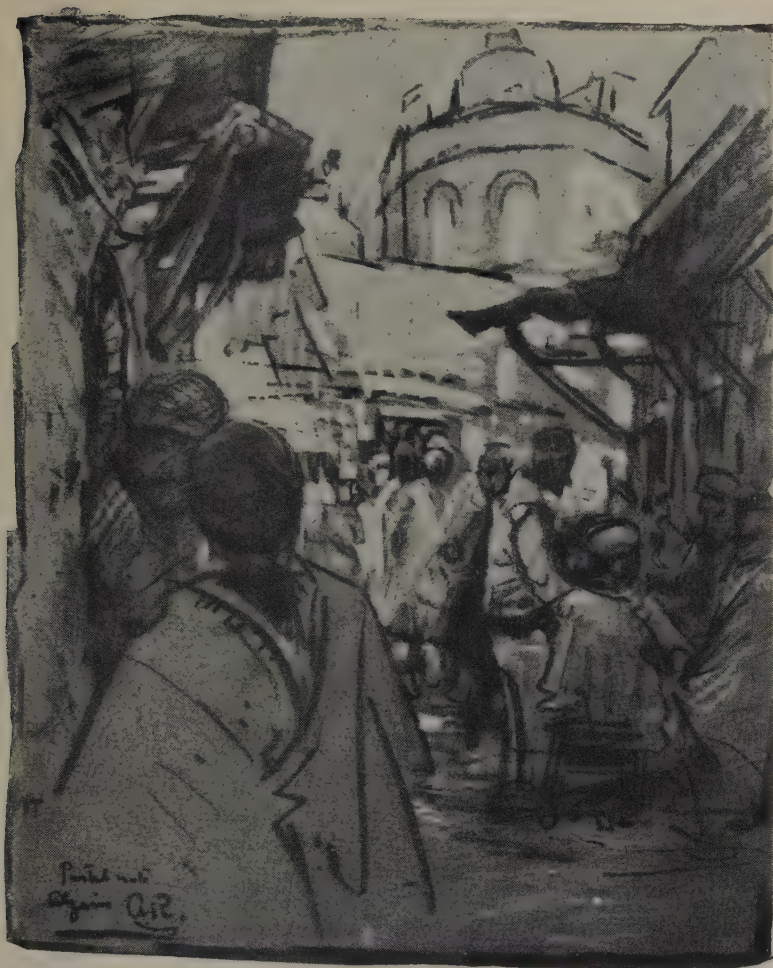
On the ground floor a large living room runs from front to rear. Opening off this living room through casement windows is a small den, or writing room, making a quiet retiring place should the living room be occupied by a number of people. On the rear has been arranged a porch opening from the living room, which may be used in connection with the living room, and is away from the road, avoiding all the odors and dust from automobiles

and the gaze of the public. In suburban towns where it is impossible to control large pieces of ground, and where the houses must be erected in plots of an acre or even less, it will be found more and more desirable to so arrange the porches that one will have privacy in using them and not be in full view of the street. One of the porches opening from the living room has been so arranged that it may be readily enclosed with screens or enclosed with glass in winter.

A flat-deck porch has been arranged from the large bedroom of the second floor and from a smaller bedroom of the same floor, which can be enclosed with screens and used as outside sleeping porches.

The third-story plan has been slightly rearranged so that one of the rooms has been made large enough for a billiard table. A feature which is well worth considering in the plan is the dining room, where the fireplace has been set into a recess, or bay, outside of the room proper. This permits the table to be centered in the middle of the room and gives uniform circulation around it.

Alexander Robinson



STREET CAFE, ALGIERS

PASTEL BY ALEXANDER ROBINSON

THE ART OF ALEXANDER ROBINSON BY GUSTAV KOBBE

IT WAS comparatively early in Alexander Robinson's career that the *Paris Herald*, in reviewing a water-color exhibition, spoke of his work as "altogether different from the usual run of aquarelles" and "imposing by the masterful way they are done."

Often Mr. Robinson dominates the shows in which he exhibits by his grip on the "big note" in human activity and by his "big," broad method of interpreting it, especially as it is seen along the old waterways of Europe, the crowded markets of ancient cities and the bazars of northern Africa. That water color is not the easiest medium in which to paint epics of energy goes almost without saying. Mr. Robinson, however, handles the medium so as to produce tones that are low and rich

without being somber, and makes his figures, houses, ships and other factors in his pictures stand out by bold strokes. His work always is easily distinguishable on the walls of an exhibition.

Born in Portsmouth, N. H., in May, 1869, Alexander Robinson began his art studies in Boston. For a short time he attended the classes at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, then went for a year and a half to the Lowell School of Design, also in Boston. Although in 1890 he placed himself in Paris at the Julien Academy under Doucet and Constant, the fact remains that the influence of his studies at the Lowell School of Design has continued more potent in his work than any other impression received during his student years. His "notes," color schemes, tonal harmonies may not be "patterns" in the sense that these latter should have clearly defined outline, but in the larger and finer sense of feeling they are designs in the higher and more artistic meaning of the term.

However, after remaining several years in France he returned to America and took a studio in New York, but at the end of three years was back again in Paris and established in the "Quarter," near Carolus Duran, "dans le passage Stanislas." In 1896 he undertook a series of trips to England, the south of France, Spain, Tangiers and Holland and Belgium, with the result that, enamored of the antique charm of Bruges, its monuments and past glories, its picturesque costumes and what may be called its "evocative" atmosphere, he settled there. The city that has been called "the Queen of Flanders" enthralled and held him as if by royal command. Forthwith there began to be seen in many salons rich, deeply felt and broadly executed aquarelles of Bruges, glorifying it in color schemes that were somber, but neither dark nor dismal—rather, indeed, soft with a certain ripeness, like this ancient city of Flanders itself. It was Bruges seen through the eyes of an artist

Alexander Robinson

who loved it and had his own characteristic way of expressing his affection.

The activity of his brush is extraordinary. In every country where he stays or through which he passes he is constantly on the lookout for things, and jots down innumerable color notes, suggestions, sketches and studies. Landscape, characteristic scenes of life—nothing seems to escape his vision and his brush. Whoever keeps track of art affairs will recall the remarkably varied series of dance and bull-fight pictures, the result of a trip to Spain, and of which he held "one-man" shows in several American cities. Some years ago—about 1902, was it not?—he exhibited no less than fifty-seven works in Paris.

Water color, tempera, pastel—in whatever medium he chooses—his work shows a personal way of looking at things and interpreting them, and his method is sure and direct. He may find nature in one of its surprising moods, but it does not surprise him. He keeps his own balance and has note book, thumb box or color pencils out in a jiffy, and soon is ready for another "surprise." His studies evoke pictures and show extraordinary skill in that respect. What he feels he interprets with absolute sincerity and rare vigor. Out of apparently solid and even heavy color tones he "arrives," to quote a French critic, "at explosions of light and striking effects that do not call for the slightest working over with gouache."

Color effects and tone qualities are often, if not always, Mr. Robinson's point of view, but always with an effort to place the subject well and get a strong, striking pictorial composition. "Effort" is Mr. Robinson's own way of expressing his aim, he meaning thereby that he does not always get just what he wants, however well the critics may think of the result. "There is the pleasure in the problem," he says, "but pain mixed with it in the only partly secured result. I somehow think I must possess a good deal of courage, for I most always get a positive shock, and run away from my pictures when I see them in exhibitions—courage necessary to go on and on."

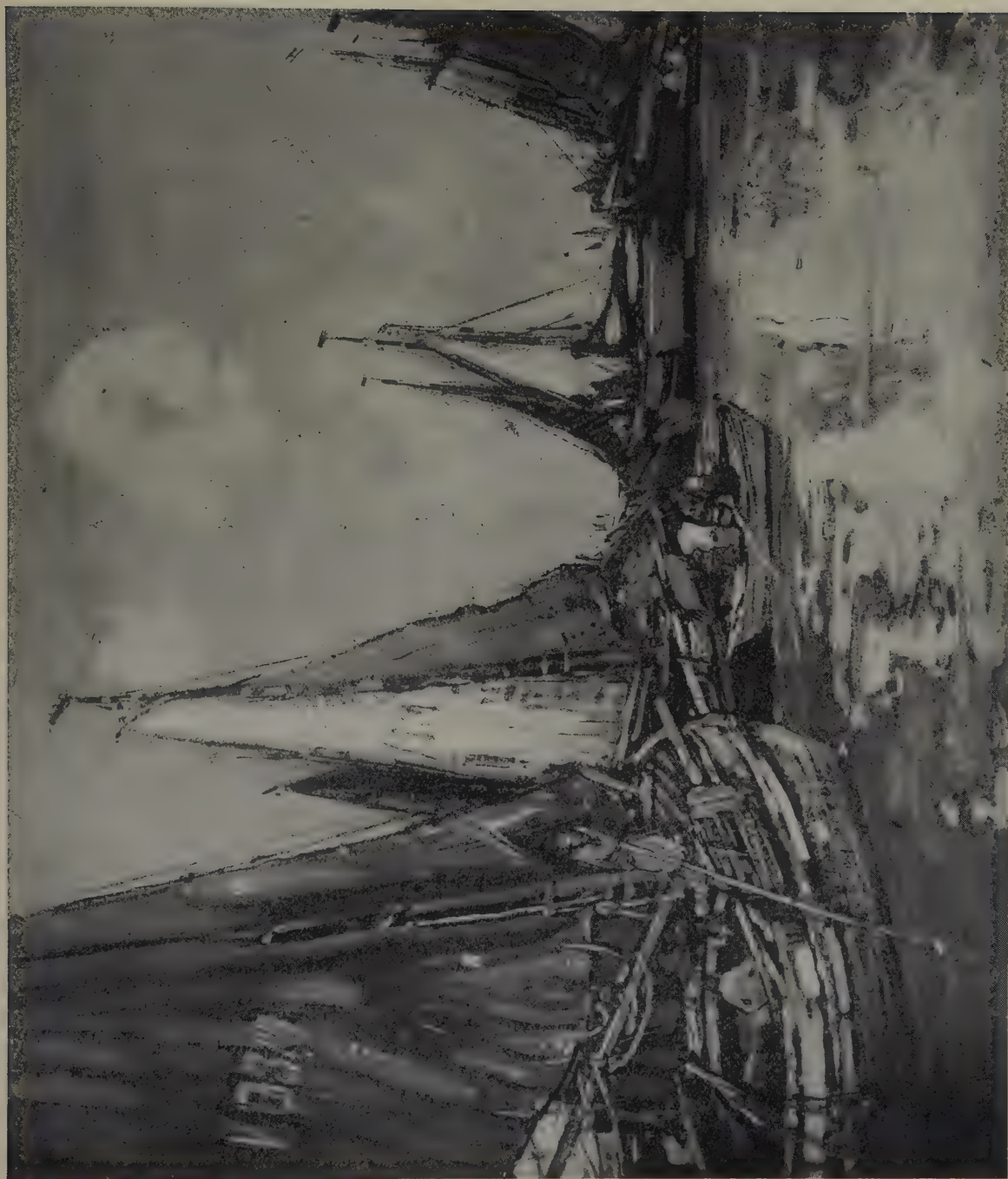
To a man so frankly self critical the mainstay is his real love for his work and a sincerity that makes his painting and all study of it his pleasure. It is absolutely true that Mr. Robinson never paints a thing "for the public" or because he can sell it easily. Teaching art is an important part of his activity. His classes are conducted on business principles with the assistance of others who are associated with him, and he frankly avows that he makes enough from teaching to be able to paint

what and how he likes, so that whether his pictures sell or not is a matter of some indifference to him. None the less, while the general public is not to be numbered among his strong supporters, collectors and others have bought his work, and in some cases bought lavishly, and he feels that the appreciation of connoisseurs is more to be desired than that of the public at large.

He is not a story teller in his pictures and he scorns to have any literary element in his work—frankly fails to see what business painters have with it. As to his method, he is never without a sketch book, and even has carried a tiny one in his dinner coat and to the theater. His sketches—mere scrawls, perhaps—are made sometimes even from car windows. He has done thousands of black and white chalk sketches on pieces of tinted paper, pencil sketches by the tens of thousands, and a thousand or more pastel notes in color. Many of these sketches are small, but size never bothers him. He can do a large imperial sketch in two and a half or three hours and really get a good many facts into it in that time, and actually feeling that the time occupied is long enough. But he doesn't play marbles during that time, and often, in his quick, backward movements made while impulsively slinging paint, he steps on the toes of spectators who, in the cramped markets and in the streets where he is working, are apt to crowd about him. It takes a rapid worker like Robinson too long to say "Go away." The quick backward step is quicker—and the spectators themselves must look out for their toes.

This long and hard practice, while traveling for fifteen years in various countries, has given him facility and experience, and he paints his pictures or compositions in his studio and often from one of the slightest notes. For this gives him more "fun" and more chance for effects and color than if he stopped while painting to refer to elaborate sketches and studies. Sometimes he will have made fifty drawings or pastel notes of a market scene—the Rialto, the Tangier and Algeria markets, favorite motifs of his—from different points of view, such as details of a basket of oranges, an awning, or different moving figures. Perhaps a week or ten days will be spent in this way in sizing up the subject. Then he paints it—that is, arranges it, usually changing it a bit, for just as it is it scarcely ever falls in with what he is aiming at. And he is so full of the subject that it "kind of goes" and paints itself in a few hours.

"Temperaments are so different," said Mr. Robinson. "A friend of mine, a famous artist in Eng-



ZUYDER ZEE BOATS
BY ALEXANDER ROBINSON

Alexander Robinson

land, tells me that he never makes a failure, that his canvas is always finished and comes out as he intended it. I envy him tremendously, for I make the most awful failures, tear up or burn hundreds of things and get into a rage because something won't come out as I want it. Some critics have written that my things apparently are done with the utmost ease. This apparent absence of labor is what I aim at. But at times some of my efforts are made with nervous tension stretched almost to the breaking point, while at other times I sing or hum and feel more contented. But I don't always find the result better."

Mr. Robinson's feeling is that first and foremost a picture should be a thing of decoration; that it should even be a thing to decorate a certain space and with certain harmonious surroundings.

Mr. Robinson is a member of various societies and art bodies here and abroad.

He is represented in various public and private collections. His *La Dame aux Tulipes* and *La Liseuse* were both acquired for the Museum d'Izelles, Brussels; the *Autumn Afternoon*, pastel, is in the museum at Moscow; the *Belle Dame Lisabeth* in the possession of Octave Maus, director of the Libre Esthetique Society, and the director of the Royal Museum of Belgium. (Mons. Wauters)



Gouache Sketch

SHOWERY DAY
MARKET HORNE

BY ALEXANDER
ROBINSON

bought *La Chatelaine* from the exhibition of modern artists.



Tempera Painting

CHURCH
EDAM

BY ALEXANDER
ROBINSON



Pastel

ALGIERS
MARKET STALLS

BY ALEXANDER
ROBINSON

Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft



Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft

A LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE AND FIGURES

Courtesy of Scott & Fowles

BY MEINDERT HOBBEEMA

SOME PICTURES FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. AND MRS. CHARLES P. TAFT
BY ARTHUR HOEBER

SURELY New York has been fortunate thus far this winter in having remarkable shows of pictures by the princes in art, beginning with the sumptuous feast set before the public by the Hudson-Fulton Art Commission, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Before these wonderful canvases were removed came a collection of ten paintings, generously loaned by Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft, of Cincinnati, collectors of great note, who, beginning modestly with ceramics, rock crystals and other such objects of art, finally went into the picture field. The owners are eclectic connoisseurs, confining themselves to no special school, but with breadth and catholicity, finding the good wherever it existed, so that, from the most modern to the craftsman of many years ago, their home is replete with admirable examples.

The ten pictures that New York enjoyed were loaned for the opening of the beautiful new galleries of the dealers, Scott & Fowles, 590 Fifth Avenue, and were entirely the work of the older masters of the Dutch and Early English schools. And very well they went together, these painters of the Low Countries and the Georgian artists, for the Gainsboroughs, the Raeburns and dear old Sir Joshua Reynolds held their own in the stately company of Rembrandt, Hals and Hobbema. Perhaps as much as anything else to interest the visitor was the fact that it was possible at this late day to amass such admirable paintings by men dead and gone these two hundred and forty years, more or less, not only to find them available, but also to discover them in such well-nigh perfect condition. Here is a Rembrandt, for example, in an earlier manner, full of the refinement of considerable detail, showing a young man rising from his chair. He is in somber black and extends one hand in a natural attitude, and he is full of humanity. Indeed, humanity is the keynote of the figures here. You are convinced at a



Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft

Courtesy of Scott & Fowles

PORTRAIT OF MARIA WALPOLE
DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER
BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH



Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft

Courtesy of Scott & Fowles

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN
RISING FROM HIS CHAIR
BY REMBRANDT

Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft

glance that you are looking at the personages themselves all through this exhibition, particularly in the case of this young man, by Rembrandt.

There are three examples by the painter's painter, Franz Hals, prince of craftsmen, and, perhaps, the most notable is the portrait of Michielsz de Wael, of three-quarter length, of florid countenance, a fresh, crisp canvas, almost as perfect as when it left the artist's studio. The head is a marvel and there is a right hand that is the last word in brilliancy of execution. One notes in the portraits of these men the splendid management of the blacks, the brilliancy and snap obtained in the manipulation of the somber tones of a costume that offered apparently little for the enthusiasm of the painter. Yet another Hals is of a young man holding his hat to his side, a work formerly in the collection of Lord Talbot de Malahide, of Ireland. A pale face has this youth, yet full of sentiment; it is an almost instantaneous snapshot of the original, yet it is limned with delicious suavity, with certainty and with rare distinction. Yet a third example is of a woman with one arm over the back of a chair. There is no beauty of femininity here, yet plenty of distinction; little grace in the more or less formality of the times, yet charm of breeding, and always the painting is distinguished, always the painter seems to have said the last word.

Between these portraits a landscape by Hobbema takes your attention. It is a stretch of country with figures and cattle. Somewhat composed as were the landscapes of the day, less convincing in a color way than are the portraits, less possible of nature as we look at it in these times, yet this is a masterpiece pure and simple. One speculates as to what were its color aspects when it left the easel of the painter. Somehow one is inclined to believe that it must have been more free from browns, that there were tender grays not now in evidence. Yet with obvious lackings, it makes up in other directions, for here is landscape construction of a high order. Hobbema knew his tree forms, his earth, his distance, the lay of the land, and he sends the eye away back; you feel the stability of it all.

Four of the early Englishmen hold up well in this company, for these Georgian painters were sturdy craftsmen and had qualities in a color way that were very alluring. Take the Thomas Gainsborough portrait of the Duchess of Gloucester—Maria Walpole—high bred, distingué, woman of fashion, a beauty in her rich dress, her patrician air. She wears a great headdress, is gowned appropriately, the canvas is brushed in with authority and one is certain of the likeness. His Royal Highness, the

Duke of Cambridge, once owned this portrait of his kinswoman. Indeed, many noble collections have been drawn upon to make up this display, modest as it is in numbers. Gainsborough is also represented with a portrait of the two Tomkinson boys, lads of twelve or fourteen, in quaint coats and breeches, placed in a landscape by the side of two trees. It is more perfunctory than the gentle Maria Walpole, but is not without a good deal of quiet charm. They are, however, not to be considered for a moment with the lad, Edward Sackwell Fraser, whom Sir Henry Raeburn has limned, a manly young Scotchman in a green plaid, of wonderful sturdiness, a fine type of Anglo-Saxon breeding. You shall look long before you will find a more entirely satisfying example of the art of Raeburn, and looking at it you will understand the enthusiasm of Robert Louis Stevenson for his countryman.

At his best Raeburn was quite unsurpassed for straight portraiture by any of his contemporaries, and this is in his best vein, brushed in with rare authority, in a straightforward manner, in admirable color, once more the veritable human document. "Each of his portraits," says Stevenson, "is not only a piece of history, but a piece of biography into the bargain. He was a born painter of portraits. He looked people shrewdly between the eyes, surprised their manners in their faces, and possessed himself of what was essential in their character."

Sir Joshua Reynolds had here his portrait of Mrs. Weyland and her son, a pleasing composition, rendered in his usual manner, with the directness and certainty that characterized him throughout his career, painted with convincingness and distinction and full of the character of the epoch, and, finally, John Hoppner signs the half length of Miss Coussmaker, a canvas painted in 1788, brilliant in its way, characteristic of the time, a characterful presentation of the femininity of the day. So the ten pictures make up a remarkable showing, but form only a small part of a quite remarkable collection at the Taft home, that includes not alone work by the older men, but instances of modern achievements both foreign and American, and it is to be hoped that on some future occasion Mr. and Mrs. Taft will be equally generous in letting the public become acquainted with others of their possessions. Meanwhile, we may be duly grateful for this offering, and Messrs. Scott & Fowles may be congratulated in thus having so auspicious an opening to their new quarters, which, to be just, are among the best located and installed of all the dealers' rooms in this city.

In the Galleries



Courtesy of Wm. Macbeth

CHURCH ON THE HILL

BY ALBERT P. LUCAS

I N THE GALLERIES

AMONG the notable exhibitions of the month the group of paintings by Van Dyck, owned by Mr. H. C. Frick and Mr. P. A. B. Widener, shown at the Knoedler Galleries, afforded a most unusual opportunity to the art public. Nine re-

markable portraits of the time of the painter's visit to Genoa commanded attention, most of them not before publicly exhibited. Five of the group were from the Cattaneo Palace, in Genoa—the *Canevari*, a three-quarter oval picture of a typical Italian gentleman of the day; the *Marchesa Giovanna Cattaneo*, an animated document of young womanhood; two

In the Galleries



Copyright, 1895, by Braun, Clement & Co.
THE MUSIC OF THE PAST

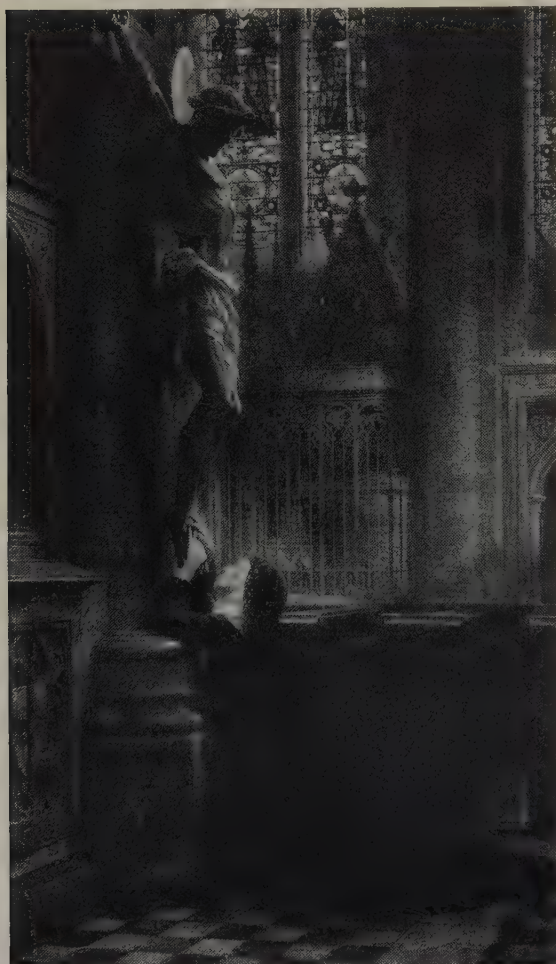
BY F. A. BRIDGMAN

full-length portraits of children of the same family, and the *Marchesa Elena Grimaldi*, a huge, overbear-

ing canvas, in which the painter of proud families displays the skill if not all the charm that won him his success in his day and his uninterrupted acclaim ever since. A portrait of Van Dyck's intimate friend, Franz Snyders, painted in 1621, was loaned by Mr. Frick. Painted in the artist's early twenties, this wistful, gracious face has an irresistible artistry.

At the Macbeth Galleries a group of recent work by Albert P. Lucas shows a taste for poetic color effects, studies of light in the night time and fantasies of landscape charm. Vagueness is an essential element in the end Mr. Lucas apparently sets himself to attain and to ask for definiteness of form is to miss his intention. That, on the other hand, he produces a definite impression of color, usually rich and low, and succeeds with some authority in displaying a mood is hardly to be questioned.

A notable collection of Rembrandt's etchings has been on exhibition recently at the Keppel Galleries, 4 East Thirty-ninth Street, comprising ninety-nine prints, of which some fifteen are landscape etchings. *Christ Healing the Sick*, the "Hundred-Guilder piece," was lent for the exhibition, an impression of the second state of four. *The Presentation*, in Rembrandt's dark manner, the only state, is extremely rare. Two impressions of the splendid *Angels Announcing the Birth of Christ* were shown. The original conception of this plate is an arresting example of the artist's imagination, the figures in the foreground scampering off at the right of the apparition as fast as their legs can carry them. *The Three Trees*, regarded as Rembrandt's masterpiece in landscape, appeared in a print from the Von Lanna collection. An impression of *The Sportsman* shows the distant landscape satisfactorily printed.



Royal Academy, 1909
Copyright by Photographische Gesellschaft
By Permission of Berlin Photographic Company, New York

THE SHADOWED FACE

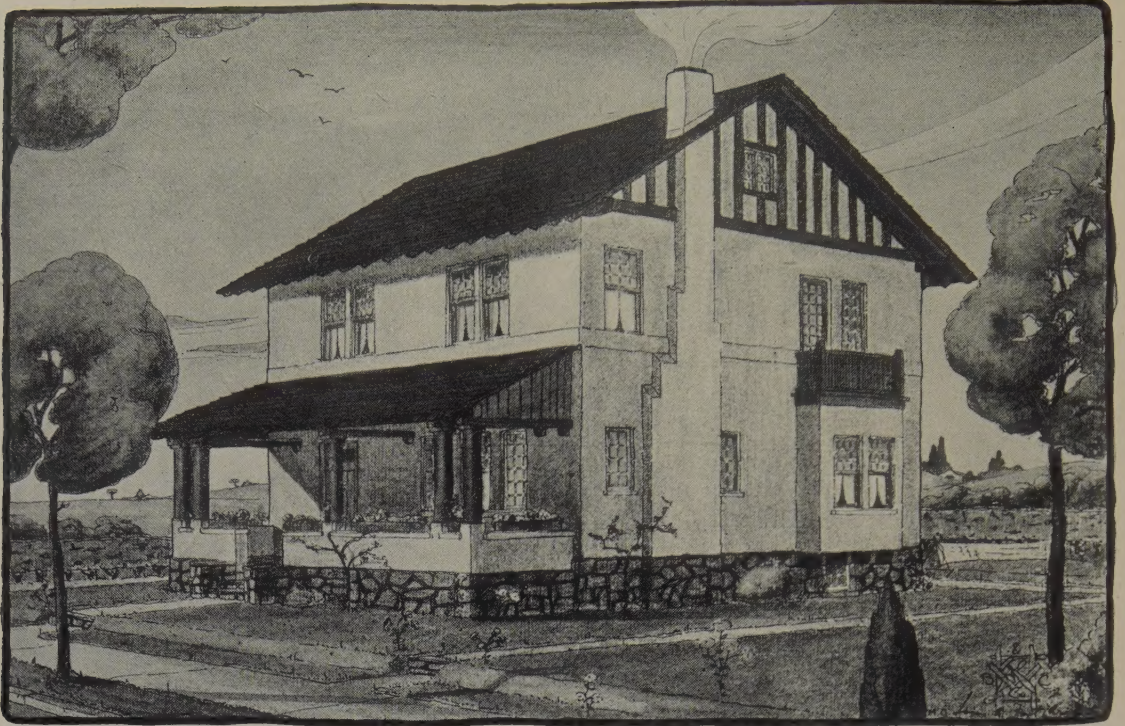
BY FRANK DICKSEE



*Loaned by Mr. P. A. B. Widener
Courtesy of M. Knoedler & Co.*

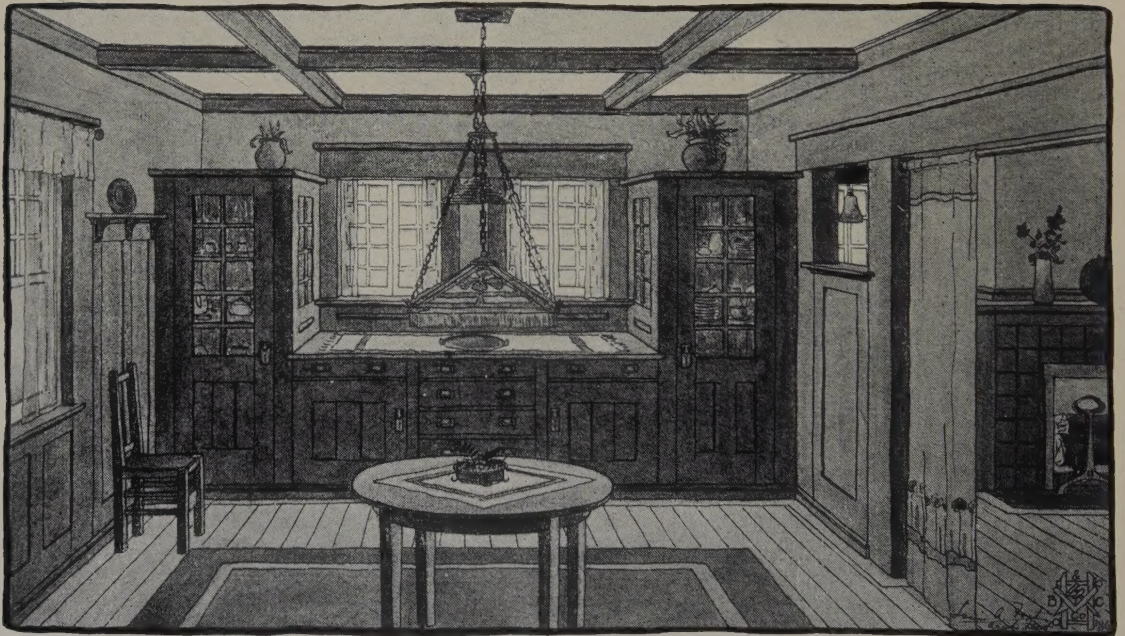
MARCHESA ELENA GRIMALDI
WIFE OF MARCHESE NICOLA CATTANEO
OF GENOA
BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK

House in Fireproof Tile Construction



All Rights Reserved, Builders and Craftsmen Company, New York City

SUBURBAN HOUSE, SIMPLE IN PLAN AND SUBSTANTIAL



All Rights Reserved, Builders and Craftsmen Company, New York City

AN INGENIOUS TREATMENT OF CUPBOARDS AND WINDOW FOR DINING ROOM, AN EFFECTIVE AND COMMODIOUS ARRANGEMENT



"THE HOLY WOMEN AND THE ANGEL
OF THE RESURRECTION." FROM THE
OIL-PAINTING BY CHARLES RICKETTS.